

LOAN DESK

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

IOWA STATE
TEACHERS COLLEGE

JUN 1 1932

LIBRARY

No. 3995. Vol. 153
FOUNDED 1855

21 May 1932

Price Threepence
REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER

OURSELVES AND THE S.R.

THERE are three of us. Not necessarily Athos, Porthos and Aramis, but at least adventurers. And we have taken over newly the control of the elderly, honoured, powerful, independent, and sincere *Saturday Review*. Therefore to its present readers and, perhaps, a wider world we make, following tradition, our explanations.

* * * *

We have some justifications. We are three journalists, who have spent half a lifetime in the service of journalism, who profess to know about the job which we have undertaken. We have ourselves subscribed almost entirely the capital of the Chawton Publishing Company in which the ownership and control of the *Saturday Review* is now vested. We make up, with one distinguished colleague, the Board of Directors. We owe neither fear nor favour, allegiance, loyalty, nor duty to any but the *Saturday Review*, ourselves, each other, and the principles which guide us.

* * * *

And who are we? Mr. Guy Pollock, for the last seven years managing editor of the *Morning Post*, who began journalism thirty years ago as note-writer, leader-writer, dramatic critic, and reviewer on the old *St. James's Gazette*, under the editorship of the present Lord Cushendun—Mr. John Pollock, for the last six years Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post*, son of the jurist Sir Frederick Pollock, himself (like his father)

scholar and fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, a dramatist, critic, author, barrister, fencer—Mr. Herbert Warner Allen, Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* from 1908-1919, (with four years' absence with the French Army), foreign editor 1925-1928, London editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, 1928-1930, scholar of Charterhouse and University College, Oxford, author, critic, and connoisseur of wine.

* * * *

Such, then, are the new proprietors and adventurers. To them is added the help and counsel on the Board of Directors of Sir Frederick Pollock, father of one and uncle of another.

* * * *

We claim, too, some hereditary right to fit upon ourselves the mantle of the *Saturday Review*. It was still in the flood of its power and renown from 1882-1893 when Mr. Walter Herries Pollock (Mr. Guy Pollock's father) succeeded his chief, Mr. Philip Harwood, in the editorship.

* * * *

We may wear that mantle well or ill. But we shall do our best—we and Mr. A. Wyatt Tilby, who remains as Editor—in difficult times, to renew, as, where, and when we can, the spirit of faith, enthusiasm, courage and sincerity which has inspired the review. We ask for the forbearance, loyalty, and good will of all our readers and friends. We may not deserve them. But we need them.

A Summary of Contents, followed by Notes of the Week, appear on p. 506

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Ourselves and the S.R.	505	Green Apples	515
Notes of the Week	506	Theatre	516
Inflation or Bimetallism	508	Films	517
The Triumph of Stiggins	509	Correspondence	518
Why Disarmament Fails	509	Gramophone Records	519
Some Early Letters of Lord		New Novels	520
Beaconsfield	510	Reviews	521
Murder by Proxy	511	Books to Read	524
Rheumatism and Sunshine	512	Mourning Sunshine	524
Should Private Schools be Abolished?	513	What We Thought	525
Bridge.—III	514	City	525

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Whitsun holiday week has been marked by a series of chaotic but eventful happenings. At home, indeed, politics have been dead. But in the Irish Free State there is a threatened revolt of labour against the De Valera policy of repealing the Oath; in Australia, a State Premier has been dismissed by the Governor for breach of the law; and in Canada the Government has issued grave warning of an impending financial crisis in the summer.

* * * *

Grave riots have also occurred in Bombay, with serious loss of life; and this has naturally led to reports that political reform will be postponed, and that the doctrine of Responsibility at the Centre is no longer regarded as a solvent of the tangled political and economic problems of India. Since the *Saturday Review* was sceptical of the magic properties of the formula when it first became prominent a year ago, it is not for us to dispute the truth behind this pessimistic view.

Another Political Murder.

The assassination of the Prime Minister of Japan was as much a political crime as the murder of the French President a week before. But the telegraphed reports of the outrage suggest that this time the motive came from the Right, not the Left, and that there was some suggestion that the foreign policy of Japan in China and Manchuria was suspect of weakness. As to that, it can only be said that Europeans had not seen, nor even suspected, that Japan had shown any culpable negligence of her own interest on the Asiatic mainland.

What influence, if any, these outrages may be supposed to have on the course of events remains obscure. It was suggested that the murder of the French President during an election would cause French opinion to swing to the Right, but in fact it had no such effect.

It is presumably hoped by the conspirators in Japan that the next Prime Minister will have been "encouraged," according to the Volt-airean phrase, to adopt a more active policy than his unfortunate predecessor. But the course of an Empire is even less likely to be influenced by personal considerations of that kind than the electoral opinion of a Republic.

An August Budget?

If influential soothsayers of Big Business are right, the month of August will produce a second crisis and September a second budget. The ledger struck in April was just a statement of accounts and no more. It contained no remedy, it offers no hope. Enough is known of Lausanne to anticipate little there, while Geneva is more likely to give Mr. Henderson a job for ever than to restrict armaments.

But by the end of the summer, with Ottawa concluded, and a quarter's returns in the Exchequer, Mr. Chamberlain will know where he is. And the remedy of Economy will then be welcome. But a cut of £150,000,000, the amount mentioned as necessary to save the State, means tension and high courage.

Why Ships are Laid Up.

The following incident may explain why so much British shipping is laid up, while foreigners trade. A 30-year old steamer, with 3 years to run before resurvey, holding 12,000 tons of cargo, is being offered for £5,000—her break-up value. Under our flag she can run in ballast to the Plate and back with wheat at 18s. 6d. a ton, a non-paying proposition. But under the Belgian or Panama flag her rate is 14s. 6d.—at a good profit.

The Lindbergh Baby.

Apart from natural sympathy with the child and the stricken parents, the story of the Lindbergh baby has been taken by America—and therefore by the rest of the world—as

symbolic of the general insecurity of life and property, and as significant of a general decay of law and morals in the United States. The diagnosis, of course, would be patently absurd had this been an isolated crime, but coming as it does as the culmination of a series of outrages that has lasted for years, the accusation deserves attention.

The charge is manifestly exaggerated, for even in Chicago and New York most people continue to live without being shot, and most property remains peacefully enough in the hands of its owners. In the rural districts, of course, life is mostly as peaceful and uneventful as in our own Bedfordshire or Suffolk.

But the thing that is disquieting is not only that the statistics of crime in America are higher than those of other countries, but that they are rising more rapidly. Some of this increase, no doubt, is due to industrial depression and unemployment, but probably less than is usually supposed. The fact is that the increase of crime began in the days of prosperity, and is probably more largely due to a mixed population than to any economic hardships.

Dartmoor.

Even the Socialist organ could not criticise the heavy sentences so rightly imposed on the proved guilty in this grave outbreak. It is clear from the reports of the trial that some miscreants are enemies of all society; one, I see, declared that in a few years his class would be on the Bench. I pity the working man as much as the rest of us when he is.

By the way, the very large proportion of old Borstal boys implicated in the outbreak needs explanation. Were these the hopeless cases that even Borstal failed to reform? If so, I should like to see the statistics of successful cases of Borstal boys who have made good since they left the reformatory.

Mrs. Meyrick Retires.

I congratulate Mr. Dummett on his ingenious sentence, which is in fact an honourable understanding, or a lady's word as they say in Cork. I hope it works as he hopes. Critics of the judicial system will see from this example what Judges often emphasise, how difficult it often is to find a sentence to fit the crime.

In this connection one hears very good accounts of London police stations compared to the deplorable conditions so prevalent some

years ago. I suppose it is useless to expect real reform: but the regular police still spend far too much time watching Dora, betting, and street nuisances in general. In nine cases out of ten the fine can only be earned by a fresh offence, which may be Law but is not Justice.

Hospital Charges.

The plight of the London hospitals gets worse and worse. The completion of the new Middlesex Hospital seems to be indefinitely postponed. Guy's is now so poor that it has to charge out-patients a small fee. Others no doubt will follow suit—and this in spite of flag-days (which have now become a public nuisance) and other methods of collection, all of which seem increasingly ineffective.

This growing poverty of English hospitals contrasts strikingly with the new comfort of the Irish hospitals, which no longer have to beg odd coppers from the general public, or to waste stamps and stationery on useless appeals. The sweepstake has solved the problem of the one, the flag-day will never solve the problems of the other. Is it not time that hospital committees put the benefit of the sick above the moral scruples of their committees?

Protestant Re-union.

The pious hope of the Dean of St. Paul's in favour of re-union of the Protestant Churches is not, I fear, much more than a pious hope. The jealousies of these various bodies are no doubt less than they were, and individually there is often a kindly feeling between members of different denominations. But taken by and large and in the mass the differences are still formidable.

The chief reason why the lines of cleavage are becoming less is not, I fear, an increase of Christian charity, but the fact that a common danger threatens them all. Apart, too, from the general decline of religious activities, which probably affects all the Churches pretty equally in this and many other countries, the Protestant Nonconformists show an intellectual decline, in the sense that they no longer produce outstanding national figures as they did fifty years ago.

It is difficult to explain this decline; for both the Church of England and the Roman Church still attract outstanding men of strong personality. Yet Rome and Canterbury, in the nature of things, place more reliance in the institution than the individual; and in an age which has proverbially revolted from creeds, the Nonconformist would seem to possess an advantage in public appeal which he does not know how to use.

INFLATION OR BIMETALLISM?

THE proverbial wet Whitsun has at least given the nation a convenient opportunity to digest some of the recent grave pronouncements as to the position of this country and the rest of the world in matters of commerce and currency, but we shall be more than surprised if these meditations have produced any reassuring result. The various economic schools dispute both as to the cause and the cure—and with some reason, since there was more than one cause, and there may be more than one cure—but at any rate there is one point on which they all agree. It is that the slump is not yet over, and that the bottom has not yet been reached. In the meantime confidence has gone, enterprise is going, and no man can see the end.

Unluckily the issue has lately been confused by the suggestion that the trouble is not commercial at all, but is due to some hitherto unknown flaw in the theory, or some previously undiscovered defect in the practice of currency. It is so easy and so popular to damn the banks that we should like to think the diagnosis is correct, but the facts are against the supposition. Wholesale prices have not fallen by 40 per cent. in three years because the banks will or will not lend money at less than 5 per cent. on approved security; they have fallen because half the world has produced more goods than it can consume or sell; and to this must be added, as a minor but aggravating factor, that the other half of the world has bought less than it should have consumed. The surplus of production is definite, tangible, and concrete; but it would have been less definite, less tangible, and less concrete had certain countries not reduced their normal or anticipated consumption.

It is clear, then, that the trouble is at bottom one of distribution rather than currency. But this maladjustment is manifestly not due to lack of technical equipment for distribution, for the world is suffering from an excess of transport as well as of goods; what transport lacks to-day is employment and freights. In other words, the root of the problem here is social or political, rather than economic or industrial. And most certainly this aspect of the trouble cannot be debited to the banks; since in virtue of their being they are primarily guardians and distributors of other people's credit, and only secondarily and in a more

limited sense creators or producers of credit themselves.

On these grounds, therefore, we doubt whether the various proposals for raising the price-level by inflation can be regarded as a legitimate cure. Inflation, no doubt, would enable some of the producing countries to resume payments of their debts by increasing the price of their products and thus enabling them once more to cover their costs; and this would certainly be something. It would also stop that reduction of salaries and wages in manufacturing and distributing countries which (in conjunction with the slower fall of retail than wholesale prices and the lack of any fall at all in rents) has operated as a further and enforced check on consumption all over the world. But though Inflation might easily destroy confidence in currency, it is difficult to see how it could maintain a stable price-level (and incidentally it is odd to see sound Conservatives now recommending a policy which they have always hitherto denounced as a piece of visionary Socialism) in face of increasing production. We cannot really think that the world will consent to print more money than it wants, when it has already a surplus of available capital, merely in order to produce still more goods that it knows it does not want, and fears it cannot sell.

On the whole public opinion has rejected the proposed remedy of Inflation, though whether from considerations of common-sense or mere financial conservatism we cannot pretend to say. But there remains another potential remedy, which we should like to see more carefully considered by the Government and the House of Commons than it has been at present. Bimetallism as a monetary policy appears to be free from the defects of Inflation, which has proved impotent in the United States in 1932 and which brought Germany near to ruin in 1923; but it has this practical utility, that its adoption might reopen the markets of the East to the products of the West. While Britain remained wedded to the gold standard the recognition of silver was, of course, impossible; but now that gold has been discarded as the fundamental basis of currency and is not likely to be restored there seems every reason to examine whether the adoption of Bimetallism might not be of practical advantage to this nation and the Empire.

THE TRIUMPH OF STIGGINS

THE Government proposals for tackling the Sunday Films muddle, which has now dragged on for months although a little common sense round a table could have solved it in less than a week, embody all the worst features of compromise. Where the cinema theatres are already open on Sundays, the *status quo* is to be maintained, and local authorities elsewhere are to be empowered to apply to Parliament for power to sanction Sunday performances within their area. This is of course, not only piecemeal legislation, but the suggested method of procedure could not have been devised more carefully if the intention of the Legislature had been to put difficulties in the way of Sunday entertainments and to strengthen the arm of the Killjoys, the Stigginses, and the people who still believe that man was made for the Sabbath. The one really satisfactory feature of the proposals is that the Government has at last realised that the matter cannot be dealt with by a private measure.

It would be a great mistake to imagine either that the issue centres entirely round the cinema, or that it does not go beyond the question of Sunday entertainment. In the final

analysis, the stakes are personal freedom and the right of a small minority to dictate to the community how it shall and how it shall not take its recreation. This was made clear by the debates on and the lobbying in connection with last year's temporary Act and this year's abortive Bill; indeed, the embittered controversy has demonstrated the existence of a class bias that is as unfortunate as it is out of date. It is largely the men and women with comfortable homes and the facilities, on weekdays as well as Sundays, for recreation that does not demand going out of doors, that have been loudest in fulminating against a form of entertainment which keeps other men and women out of the public houses, and gives young people an alternative to the promiscuities of "monkey parades." Furthermore, there has been an abundant display of that particular brand of narrowmindedness which makes its owner wish to forbid in others everything for which he does not personally care, as illustrated by the magnificent example of the Hove Councillor who solemnly assured his fellow members last week that strollers on the front would be "horrified to see tennis in full swing" on Sundays.

WHY DISARMAMENT FAILS

"He was creeping, He was crawling, He was creeping, creeping, crawling" wrote Gilbert and exactly anticipated the progress of the 1932 Disarmament Conference at Geneva.

The cause of disarmament has been so often linked with the aspirations of Pacifism that those who are not fully satisfied that the peace of the world is assured are apt to make the further assumption that reducing arms is undesirable and dangerous to national safety. This is in many ways unfortunate since some of the greatest objections to the growth of armaments are not in any way dependent on a postulate of world peace.

The cost of arms has risen steadily over the last hundred years and has been particularly rapid in this century, owing to the increasing use of mechanical devices for transport, observation, handling of guns and so forth and the increased complication in the machines themselves.

These developments have, however, made little or no contribution to either national security or military efficiency in the strategic sense of the word. It is demonstrable that from the military standpoint no nation is more secure now than it was at the beginning of the century, whilst on account of vulnerability to

air attack the security of England has notably declined.

The late war clearly showed that there are great difficulties in efficiently directing and controlling large masses of material, in consequence of which operations are indecisive and the duration of the campaign largely determined by economic and political factors. Mechanisation has made military forces more expensive and less effective.

Whilst this is almost universally admitted every effort to achieve international agreement as to the nature and scale of armaments has, with exception of Washington in 1921, been at best but a partial success and so far as it has gone Geneva does not seem likely to improve upon the second of its predecessors. Viewed dispassionately, this should cause little surprise, for the experts of every country have definite ideas about the magnitude of the forces requisite to ensure security against any probable combination of enemies and in a matter of such vital importance they must err, if at all, by placing their requirements too high rather than too low. Moreover as unanimity is essential, if any progress is to be made it is obvious that the chances of failure are considerably great than those of success.

SOME EARLY LETTERS OF LORD BEACONSFIELD

By E. Thomas Cook

I.

THESE letters, written to his sister, Miss Disraeli, at Bradenham, High Wycombe, describe with remarkable simplicity some moments in the life of the greatest Patriot and Statesman this land has known since the days of Pitt; moments which by the nature of his subsequent ascendancy were prone to become the very axis upon which public and private examination, and contemporary historians, would construct his life story.

The seven letters describe the following events:—The Maidstone Election, held in July, 1837; the Maiden Speech in the House of Commons, December, 1837; a speech on the Copyright Bill; the Coronation of Queen Victoria, June 20th, 1838, and the subsequent Opening of Parliament.

It was 1837, the year in which Disraeli was first elected as Member for Maidstone. Although he was comparatively young when he entered Parliament, it is well to record that he had contested three Elections previously, and had been defeated on each occasion—twice at Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, and once at Taunton.

It was not until he had attained success in the literary world that he managed, with the aid of Wyndham Lewis, and the providential unpopularity of the Whigs in Kent, to contest and win the Maidstone Election in July, 1837, defeating his opponent, Colonel Thompson, by 170-odd votes—a decisive victory in those days.

The first of these letters was written on Saturday, 22nd July, five days before Polling Day. He wrote in great haste to say that the reports from Maidstone seemed most satisfactory, "There is no symptom of opposition either there (Maidstone) or in Town."

His views upon the result were conclusive in his own favour. He ends up by informing his sister that he was the only new Candidate of his side who had no opposition. "It was thought impossible in these times that a man could enter Parliament for the first time and for a Borough in such a manner."

The circumstances of his nomination seem to have been something out of the ordinary, for from the next letter, undated, but with July 24 on the seals, we gather that up to the last moment he had considered it improbable that "the notorious bore, Colonel Thompson," would trouble to obtain nomination, and would capitulate without a struggle. In this, however, he was disappointed, for from subsequent events it turned out that Colonel Thompson was nominated and did fight—"Spouting in favour of purity of Election, and avowing his readiness to serve the Electors and to write them legislative letters weekly, if they only deemed fit to choose him." The pen of the young Disraeli began to write thicker—"He has announced that he will not spend a shilling," and the sentence ends with the arbitrary hope that "he may yet disappear this evening without further notice."

Whether he truthfully felt much excitement, or whether excitement was assumed the better to increase the importance of the occasion, is hard to say: in any case, the result on Thursday, 27th July, nearly overwhelmed him. In the moment of victory he became, we conclude, a little unbalanced, and forgot a large proportion of his rôle of "cool and calm in the heat of battle." His letter to Sarah was quite out of keeping with his usual habit of soft embellishment and detailed criticism—it is here in full:—

	Maidstone, 11 o'clock.	
Lewis	707	785
Disraeli	615	660
Col. Thompson	412	489

The Constituency nearly exhausted. In haste.
God help you all.

DIZZY.

Thursday.

The next letter in this series is the most interesting from an historical standpoint. Here it is necessary to remember we have Disraeli reporting an incident that has made history, in absolute confidence and with remarkable correctness considering the dreadful humiliation to which he was subjected.

One hundred years ago the same indulgence was allowed a new Member when rising to make a Maiden Speech as to-day; if anything, it was perhaps given more freely than at present.

This indulgence was put severely on trial that memorable day. When the incredible figure rose to deliver his peroration to a noble assembly, there was an explosion of uncontrolled mirth. "My debut," Disraeli records, "was a failure." The rings on his fingers, a suit that savoured of a Florentine market-place, eyes dark and lustrous, and curling hair in knots—in all he presented an unusual sight, a sight which gave an impression of some comedian in a pulpit.

It was definitely not a success. He spoke on the subject of the Irish Election Petitions—"I can give you no idea how bitter, how factious, how unfair they were—it was like my first debut at Aylesbury, and perhaps in that sense *may be auspicious of my ultimate triumph*." Here was prophecy indeed!

It is doubtful if anything he said resembled sense. His absurd figure, "in a bottle green coat," his arbitrary and pugnacious emittances, coupled with gestures that threatened to crumple him up, created such a holocaust of mirthful confusion that he was compelled, although "I fought through all with undaunted pluck and finished with spirit," to resume his seat amidst the roars and jeers of the Opposition and the solitary clapping and approval of his respected Leader. The letter describing this scene concludes oddly enough "In very good spirits," and is dated December 8th, 1837.

MURDER BY PROXY

By W. S. Chadwick

III.

HIGHER up the Quando river I heard of an old scoundrel named Sobisa who was headman of the village, and claimed occult powers. He had taken as his totem a huge crocodile which frequented the backwater on which his village stood. Murderous ruffian as he undoubtedly was, his death a year before my advent showed that at least his belief in his hideous totem was sincere. His measures for impressing that belief profitably upon others showed, too, considerable ingenuity.

From the story a kindly Portuguese official told me, it seemed that he also believed that half his life lay in the reptile's keeping. He gave out that when asleep he often took its form entirely, and was then obliged to destroy any whom he met. Whether he really believed this, I cannot say. But the natives did, and the old wretch waxed rich on their belief.

With shrewd calculation, he fed the brute on refuse and occasional goats and meat, to induce him to stay in the backwater. Then he left him hungry for a time, with the natural result that the reptile sought the river for food. When he returned Sobisa tied a dog in a frail canoe and pushed it into the backwater. The dog's yelps attracted the saurian, and in his efforts to secure it he upset the frail craft. After that he would deliberately upset any craft sent upon the lagoon, and Sobisa warned his natives not to intrude there.

Leaving him hungry again, the crocodile soon sought the river, and, as he half expected, Sobisa soon heard of a canoe upset and a man taken by the brute. Then he called the river natives and said: "My half-soul has told me that while I keep him here and feed him he will leave the river free to all. But when he is hungry he must seek food, even if that food be men. Now I cannot feed him alone. But if you will each supply a goat each month, or the meat of a large buck, I will keep him here. Otherwise he will seek the river, and you who fish there will perhaps die. What say you?"

Naturally the natives agreed to the tribute, and, while Sobisa saw to it that the brute was fed, he took care also that most of the goats remained in his kraal. As a consequence he grew rich in small stock, and never lacked for meat, although he himself hunted but seldom. On two occasions strangers entered the backwater and were capsize. Each time a life was lost, and, although Sobisa had no direct hand in this, he was morally guilty.

Then, on a hunting expedition to the Mampakush country near the Quito, he cast amorous eyes upon a maiden there, the daughter of a chief. Her father demanded ten head of cattle for her, and at last Sobisa agreed to this. But privately the old rascal resolved to avoid such a payment, and yet secure the girl. The tribute he had exacted for years past had made him rich enough

to afford the price, but his avaricious soul hated to part with a single head of stock. He decided to call the crocodile to his assistance, and, while getting the girl for nothing, to increase his own people's fear of him.

So he arranged with the chief that he should come to his village by river with one of his indunas to receive the cattle. Afterwards Sobisa would return with him overland and claim the maiden. A boat was to be left with a guide at a certain point on the Quando.

The unfortunate chief and his henchman took the boat, and at the entrance to Sobisa's backwater the guide made excuse to leave them, after pointing out Sobisa's village a mile away. As they approached it, there was a sudden rush and upheaval of the waters, the boat capsized and sank, and one sharp agonised scream was the last ever heard of the occupants.

Sobisa carried the news to the dead man's people. He told them that while he slept his soul had entered the crocodile form and its other half had demanded that he should kill the chief for demanding such a heavy price for his daughter. He hinted that it might even urge him to enter the Quito—on which their village stood—and take further vengeance, unless the bride his soul craved were freely given to him!

As a result he got the girl, and thereafter the people's dread of him increased. Should he desire cattle or small stock, he had only to hint that his totem had mentioned an intention to seek the river, and had noted that certain villages had fat cattle, to secure as a present for his good offices whatever he desired.

But about a year after he had secured his unwilling bride a Dutch hunter wandered through the country, and, hearing of the victims the reptile had claimed, he resolved to dispose of it.

Without warning Sobisa, he went one afternoon to the backwater with two Kaffir mongrel dogs. On his orders the boys thrashed them, and soon after their yelps rang out the crocodile's lean head showed in the middle of the backwater and then disappeared. Presently it appeared again close to the bank, and remained expectantly above the surface. Taking careful aim, the Dutchman sent a bullet through its brain, and it sank in a swirl of blood and foam.

Next morning it rose, and when the 18-foot carcass had been hauled out, Sobisa was sent for. He had heard of the shooting and was already in mourning in his hut. But he came, nevertheless, and had no sooner set eyes upon the carcass and realised that his loathsome ally was indeed dead, than he foamed at the mouth, gave a great cry and fell squirming on the ground. His people carried him home and that was the end of Sobisa.

RHEUMATISM AND SUNSHINE

By Professor D. F. Fraser-Harris, M.D.

A FEW months ago two Welsh physicians, who have for many years studied rheumatism in all its forms, put forward a theory of the origin and prevention of rheumatism which has been very favourably received in medical circles, namely, that in the *skin* we are to look for the head and front of this bodily offending.

These experts gave it as their opinion that in rheumatic people the skin is inactive in the sense that it does not respond as it should to the sudden and manifold changes of the temperature, the pressure and the humidity of the atmosphere.

For rheumatism is commonest in the Temperate Zone, that is, in regions characterised by the changeableness of the climate, where the temperature, the moisture and the barometric pressure are never constant, and sunshine can never be depended on.

When the temperature of the air falls the blood vessels of the skin should contract, and the sweat-glands become less active, in order to prevent the otherwise inevitable loss of heat which would result from a fall of the outside temperature. And, conversely, when the temperature of the air rises, the blood vessels of the skin should dilate and the sweat-glands become more active in order to facilitate a loss of body heat and so prevent the temperature of the blood from rising.

The skin, in other words, is a most important organ for maintaining the body temperature constant. Now it is just this heat-regulating mechanism which in rheumatic people is imperfect, for, as is well known, their temperature is nearly always sub-normal.

But besides suffering from endless variations in the heat, moisture and pressure of the air, the Temperate Zone, or at least Great Britain, is characterised by its absence of sunshine. As long ago as the first century B.C. Julius Cæsar remarked on our foggy, sunless climate. We have often to endure months of sunlessness, not only in winter, but in summer too. The Welsh experts regard a lack of sunshine and a skin sluggish in its physiological reactions to environmental changes as the root causes of rheumatism.

They point to the cause and cure of rickets as strikingly similar to those of rheumatism. It is now certain that the origin of rickets is a lack of sunlight. It has been proved that there is in the skin a substance called by chemists ergosterol, which under the influence of light (of sun or of an ultra-violet lamp) is transformed into vitamin D. This vitamin, driven into the circulation, somehow contributes to the proper fixation of lime and other important elements in the bones, which, without these substances, become soft and therefore bend. Thus we have the "bow legs" and "knock knees" of rickets.

The authors of the new theory of rheumatism explain matters on lines exactly similar to those of the cure of rickets. They tell us that in the skin of healthy people there are two complex chemical substances which, under the influence of sunlight, are "mobilised" and driven

down into the blood-stream, whence they are taken up by the thyroid gland, the suprarenal gland, and the pancreas, which in turn use them to manufacture their own internal secretions.

All these secretions are concerned in the production of bodily heat, and one of them (adrenalin) is directly concerned with activating the nerves which influence the blood vessels and sweat-glands of the skin. It is certainly a significant observation of the Welsh specialists that in those very regions, the Cotswold, the Pennine and the Mendip hills, in which goitre (thyroid deficiency) is common, rheumatism should also be very prevalent.

In rheumatic children, either owing to a lack of sunshine or to a deficiency in their skin of the chemical substances just referred to, an insufficient quantity of these latter reaches the blood to become the parents of the internal secretions. What the authors call "the pre-rheumatic child" should, therefore, be our special care. But how shall we know him? He generally has a deficiency of melanin, the dark colouring matter of the skin, for it is now known that the same substance which is the precursor of the secretion of the thyroid gland is also the precursor of melanin. These fair (blonde) children freckle rather than tan, a sign that their store of melanin is deficient. It is these fair children who require special attention; they should be much in the sunshine, and if that is not available they should be given suitable treatment with ultra-violet light. By "suitable" is meant not too long at a time, for this mode of treatment can easily be overdone. Fortunately, the whole body need not be treated, for the irradiation of, say, an arm or a leg is sufficient.

On this, the latest theory, no germ, or suppuration is incriminated as the cause of rheumatism, years of research having failed to discover any one kind of micro-organism which can be held responsible for all the manifestations of rheumatism. Doubtless in rheumatic fever, germs can be found in certain parts of the body, but the evidence that they are *causing* the rheumatism is by no means convincing.

According to the New Theory, rheumatism is the result of deficient tissue activity rather than of poisoning. In particular, it is a disease on which diet has little or no influence; certainly, no *one* food-stuff can be blamed for it.

Why the valves of the heart should be attacked in acute rheumatism, and why the joints in the chronic form, is a matter for further enquiry. There is a great deal more to be investigated, but it is thought that the Welsh physicians have supplied us with the key to some of the mysteries of rheumatism, namely, a skin insufficiently responsive to stimulation by the most important of all the forms of cosmic energy, sunlight.

Rheumatism is so common in this country because sunlight is so uncommon. Nature's great preventive of it is sunlight; man's is the ultra-violet lamp.

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

SHOULD PRIVATE SCHOOLS BE ABOLISHED?

YES, By R. BROUGHTON.

WITH comparatively few exceptions, the average assistant Preparatory schoolmaster falls into one of three classes. He is either an inexperienced youth, just down from the "Varsity"—in some cases fresh from a Public School—intent on filling in time till he finds a suitable job; or else he is one of life's misfits, who has drifted into teaching, the one profession in which he may partly cloak his utter incapacity; or, again, he is a disillusioned old man, hanging on in sheer desperation to the only work that stands between him and penury.

To turn to the headmasters themselves; it is charitable to assume that in the majority of cases these worthy gentlemen were partly impelled to embark upon their career by a genuine liking or capacity for teaching. Whether they have graduated from the ranks of assistant masters after long years of patient endeavour, or have come into the field in later life, they are more often than not kindly old men imbued with some sense of the responsibilities of their calling.

Yet the very fact that they are almost always old men is in itself a very serious indictment of their efficiency as a body. Youth is the crying need of the scholastic profession, yet it is the one profession where there is practically no age limit—and a young "prep." school head is indeed a *rara avis*! Add to this the unfortunate disability common to most schoolmasters, whereby they seem to grow more hidebound than the generality of mankind with advancing years, and it will be seen that it is useless to look to the heads to make good the deficiencies of their staffs. At his best, the average "prep." school headmaster is a well-meaning mediocrity; at his worst—his character ruined by years of autocratic rule for which he is seldom naturally fitted—he is only too frequently a kind of sub-human cross between a fossil and a tin god!

It is not surprising that the headmaster of a famous public school recently commented upon the amount new boys had to unlearn, contrasting their general comparative standard—mental and physical—unfavourably with that of children passing out of elementary schools. Yet the pupils of the private schools are the 'mother's darlings' of the upper and middle classes, whose parents usually pay heavy fees.

Strangely enough, although our Public Schools are continually deluged with a spate of criticism by writer and playwright—some of it reasonable enough, much of it the empty vapourings of ill-informed cranks—private schools have practically escaped castigation.

With a few notable exceptions, drastic reform is a crying need in the private schools of this country. But so long as private individuals can start them at will and run them as they like, it would seem that nothing short of abolition will meet a situation which deeply concerns every British parent.

NO, By J. D. STEWART-PINNER.

OUR public schools, and the many private schools which prepare boys for them are the envy of every foreign visitor to this country. Nowhere else in the world does an educational system combine so completely the beginnings of learning with the formation of character as in our private schools. They supply the foundation stone upon which the whole fabric of our unrivalled educational system is built.

From the time he leaves the nursery, a boy is taken in hand and taught that bad temper, selfishness, greed, lying, and above all "sneaking," are not going to be countenanced in future. At home these bad habits are too often looked upon as childish tantrums. At a good preparatory school they are just "not done." Whereas a boy was cock of the walk amongst his sisters and young brother he is soon made to feel that he is rather less than a common "worm," denied—as often as not—the privilege of turning!

Applied in moderation this is all to the good, and it is surprising how moderate and just the modern boy is in his dealings with new-comers who fail to show the right spirit. For this trait in his character, so typically British, and the main reason for our wonderful success as rulers of the coloured races, he has to thank, in the first place, his private school "code."

It has been suggested that our private schools should be abolished, and some form of co-education of the sexes, under Government control, be introduced in their place. Perish the thought! Such a system was at one time prevalent in Scotland, and is still in vogue in the United States. That it was found altogether unsuitable in Scotland is sufficient reason for condemning its universal introduction in this country.

Quite young children may well be educated together, but after nine or ten boys should be taught by men, and girls by women, in separate establishments. Again, many subjects are necessary for one sex but not for the other, and the use of an identical curriculum is likely, on occasion, to embarrass both teacher and class.

It has been argued that the fees charged in private schools for books, games, dancing, music, and that mysterious item—"extras"—are excessive, but would they be any less if co-educational schools were substituted? Certainly not: probably they would be considerably more, because of the increase in the size of the buildings, staff, playing fields, and all the overhead expenses such an upheaval would necessitate. Even supposing they became Government institutions, and the cost of education could be borne by the State, there are at present no funds available, and these would have to be raised by increasing the rates, or by special taxation in other directions, making the last state worse than the first.

BRIDGE—III.

SYSTEMS AND CONVENTIONS.

By Goulash

I AM altogether sick of the subject of Systems and Conventions. I hoped I had at least finished with the latter after my studies in Modern European History at school.

It seems to me that Conventional Bidding can only be of assistance in two instances. First, on the rare occasions when you happen to cut with a partner of about your own level who plays in the greatest sympathy with you, and, secondly, if you are playing Duplicate Bridge, which is more or less the same thing, as you can't play Duplicate Bridge under other conditions.

As to "mug" players I should most strongly advise them to cut out all Conventions and Systems entirely, with one single exception, to which I will refer later.

The essence of sound bidding at Bridge is Elasticity. The only System is that of common sense. A player must be able to take his opportunities as he finds them. It is hopeless if he feels himself forced to pass promising hands merely because the quick trick valuation is not quite up to that approved by Lenz or Culbertson.

I don't so much mind the original "Three-quick-trick" Vanderbilt (No half tricks, please!). It is simplicity itself and gives the weaker player something to hang on to. It is still widely played, although there is a disposition to crab it in some quarters. I call it less of a Convention than an occasional breathing space for players. It precludes no one from calling what they wish on any hand, but it does demand that if you have three quick tricks you should disclose the fact on an original bid by calling a conventional Club. The partner can then sit back in his chair comfortably and, unless an opponent has been rude enough to intervene, can make the Conventional answer as to whether or no he has a couple of the little beauties himself. I see no harm in this Convention as it in no way complicates the future bidding.

In an average Bridge-playing circle one continually chops and changes from table to table, and the change over from playing with a stranger instead of a friend, with a bad player instead of a good player, or with a safe player instead of a rash player, is one of the chief fascinations of the game. If one is observant it is not difficult to pick out the idiosyncrasies of the various players, but how in the name of goodness anyone can expect all his different partners to conform to his pet convention, whatever it is, is more than I can understand.

I am very doubtful if any but the star players can play any of these Systems or Conventions with a hope of success; and not even they can unless they know their partners' play extremely well. But Heaven help the "mugs" if they start in on one. Take my advice and scrap your Systems and Conventions. You will grow your own Conventions by practice and common-sense. Watch other people's play, learn from your own mistakes and the mistakes of other people and you will

evolve your own style of play which will be infinitely superior to an attempt at a mechanical reproduction of the latest System at standardisation. It will be the same kind of difference as there is between a fresh and a tinned peach.

After all, the Culbertsons, *père et mère*, have studied each other's play for years, and the outcome of it is, I have no doubt, a very fine combination. There recently took place a vulgar and broadcasted hullabaloo as to the relative merits of their System and the celebrated Lenz System. The result of this was the victory of the Culbertsons, but it seems clear that neither side stuck to its vaunted System for more than two consecutive hands and the general standard of play was not above the average and at frequent intervals deplorable.

With the American love of "rating" everybody in the world of sport, from tennis players to Shove-'apeany players, a well-known Bridge expert wrote an article in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, giving his opinion on the relative merits of the best known players in America last year. In a field of twenty choices, Mr. Culbertson came twentieth and Mr. Lenz also ran.

I am quite sure that Duplicate matches are no test of a player's eminence. The really great Bridge players are those who can sit down in any company, good, bad or indifferent, can play for the highest stakes they can afford without wincing, and yet do not mind playing for nothing "to make up a four," who can go through bad times without undue complaint and yet can win with unaffected grace, who can combine well with a good partner and yet be able to jockey an indifferent one through complicated situations and who though deservedly and within everybody's knowledge making a good thing out of the game none the less still treat it as a game.

I suggest that if there is any idea of a further international test between this country and America, they should change the conditions entirely.

Three players of the highest standing should be exchanged across the water for a period of six months. They should receive the free *entrée* and temporary membership with full privileges at certain of the better known clubs on the opposite side and then have a sporting tilt. They would be bound to divulge their winnings or losses at the end of the period, which could probably any-way be calculated from the "books" of the different clubs at which they played. They would have been through a real test. The visitors would start under the distinct disadvantage of playing as strangers. The Americans would have crossed swords with most of our star players and also have had to pass through the terrific ordeal of playing with nincompoops, and our players would have had a similar experience over there.

That I would call a test and to the devil with your Duplicate, your Systems and your Conventions. Bring me the waste paper basket, boy.

SHORT STORY.

GREEN APPLES

By Shiela M. Steen

IN the far-off days of revelry and danger, the very gallant young Terrett of Tintagel, on his very casual way to Exeter, happened to win the heart of a maiden in the village of Oketor. An unimportant incident, unchronicled on the flyleaf of the family Bible, but from which the miracle of Betty emerged, a hundred years later; Betty with her triumphant little head, her delicate nostrils and slim hands, taut and fine as the noblewomen who were her unrecognised ancestors; Betty with her long gold eyebrows, and the pagan strength that was her moorland heritage; Betty with her strange impulses, her slow soft intonations, and the haunting "withinward loveliness"—as Rollo once described it—that was Iseult's, doubtless, among the silver gulls.

Nobody ever understood why Betty became engaged to Henry. It was the talk of the south side of the moors for many a long day, for "t'warn't nature for a strappin' lass to wed wi' the likes o' Mister Henry . . . money were temptin', but them as rose too rapid came down abrupt." But Betty had no worldly motives. She accepted Henry, with his crooked leg, and his hornrimmed glasses, and his history books, simply because she was herself in his quiet presence. He was cultured and scholarly, and satisfied her spirit; and she was touched to tenderness because she knew that he would have laid down his life under her two small feet.

Henry and she were happy during that unforgettable Summer. They spent long tranquil hours together in the old Manor garden, where the shade cast by the sycamores was thick and peaceful, and the slim mauve anemones nodded in the round beds bordered by clipped ground-ivy. Henry would tell her the tales he had read in his dusty books; tales of the Black Assizes and the grim Judge Jeffries, of the torture-chamber in the ruined castle, of the bones and chains that clanked under the half-moon on Gibbett Hill, of the outlaws in the secret depths of the Gorge who roasted human children in their inhuman fires; tales of piskies and giants, and monks and devils, until for Betty every stone on the moorland was a breathing terror or a still delight.

But she never succeeded in glimpsing the form of the White Lady, which appeared only to "those for whom pain is a comrade."

The White Lady came fresh and fair out of a convent; and when she saw the man destined to be her husband she fled in horror, while her angry father and lover set soldiers at her heels. She found herself at bay on a high rock over the river, and "wild-like she lifted her hands to heaven and leapt to death; but the piskies were round about her, and quick as thought changed her body to water on the way"; and she plunges down for ever and ever in the White Fall, shrouded in the streaming spray that was her convent-veil.

Betty would sit for hours on the wooden bridge over the amber waters of the Oke, gazing at the slender cas-

cade until her head was spinning, trying to distinguish the thrown-back head and the fluid limbs of legend. It was thus, down in those enchanted woods, that Rollo saw Betty and drew her for the first time.

He approached her when he had finished, his sketch-book open in his hand. The sound of his steps was lost in the wild tumbling music of the water, and Betty's trance remained unbroken. Then the bridge shook slightly under his weight, and she turned startled.

He held out his sketch-book, like a shield, to receive the arrow of her glance. Her eyes lingered a moment on the white page, then lifted little by little until her full bright look met his.

The Terrett in Betty kept her sitting at her ease, while her instincts urged her to run, to run, to run to the very marge of the world. Rollo saw her as a breathing perfection; all artist, he longed to perpetuate the line of her throat and shoulders, and the spell of her hands. But Betty saw Rollo warm and living, dappled in shadow and dripping with light, with his black hair tumbling into his ardent eyes. And there is the whole story.

Rollo abandoned his walking-tour. He took a room in an Oketor cottage, with a cracked ceiling and a springless bed; for Rollo was at the beginning of his career, and had very little money in his pockets. Over the bed might have been hung the words, "Here lies an intelligent egoist." He knew that his chance of fame lay in Betty. His usual crude vivacity of line was abashed by her beauty, and he cultivated instead a compelling hesitancy, a mysterious indecision, which did eventually attract the long second look that meant success. He easily obtained Betty's consent to pose for him; he worked hard, and was wilfully blind to all the rest.

Betty came and went, and posed for him with the swift impatience of a swallow. She was afraid to stay near him, and could not keep away; she was afraid of Henry, and afraid, terribly afraid, of her own, unsuspected self, for she thought of Rollo so strongly and hotly that it seemed as if her whole life centred round the mere possibility of his embraces. And Rollo went on drawing her, with the restrained enthusiasm and awed assurance of a man who is near to realising his ambitions.

Betty felt the need of a safeguard, and she turned to the one being in whom she trusted. She acted blindly, and innocently, and desperately, out of loyalty to Henry, as Henry very well understood; but the step she took in introducing Rollo to Henry hardly improved matters.

So it went on. Betty suffered in the strange, silent way of wild creatures. There were forces against which this moor-daughter lacked the strength to struggle; she was bowed by them as by the winter tempests on the tors, carried away by them as by the savage currents of the salmon rivers.

Henry read it all in her haunted eyes. He did not under-estimate the might of the madness that had come

upon her; he would gladly have given her her freedom for her fuller happiness, had Rollo been an honest man. But Rollo was—Rollo. So Henry acted as he thought best. If he had held his tongue that day, who knows what the end of the story would have been?

"Rollo, old chap—rather awkward—best to speak plainly—" he had begun.

Rollo was on the grass beside him, and he looked up and laughed. "Speak as man to man," he had advised lightly; but there was a small frown between his eyes.

"I speak as Betty's future husband. I have reason to believe that she is beginning to find your demands upon her time and patience very wearing. I understand your enthusiasm, but—"

Rollo took it very well. He had murmured something courteous and regretful; and then Betty had come down from the fields with a basketful of blackberries, and nothing more had been said.

The next morning Rollo came into the garden with his knapsack on his back, ready for the road, with his pocket full of apples, as usual. Even at Oxford Rollo had munched apples all day long. He shook hands with Henry warmly enough, and then looking at Betty (who was leaning against the old sycamore as though too weak to stand alone) he said, "And for the bride-to-be—a kiss for luck?"

Rollo kissed her abruptly. An apple fell out of his pocket and rolled on the smooth lawn.

"Thank you—a thousand times!" said Rollo; and then it was "Good-bye," and the shutting of the old Manor gate behind him, and the echoing of his steps on the dusty white road that dips to Yelverton.

There was silence in the garden.

"You told him to go," she accused in a strangled voice.

Henry winced. "Darling, somebody had to do something."

"Its all wrong!" cried Betty. "You shouldn't ha' meddled wi' me, Henry, ever—b'aint for me, peace and quietitude—b'aint my fault, Henry, Henry, there's powers possessin' me!" she ended, as if imploring pardon.

She sank on her knees, her face streaming with tears. Henry felt his love for her increasing under pain, like the high love of martyrs. In an aching sweat of pity and horror, he saw her pick up the little green apple that Rollo had dropped, cup it in her two hands, hold it against her cheek. From her mouth, darkened as if by bruises, came the groaning sobs of a woman who mourns.

Then she scrambled to her feet and ran across the lawn, and down the laurel-hedged path that led to the deep-woods.

She ran on; and Henry saw her, in one terrible moment, golden against the shifting, luminous, deepsea light, the savage white water churning round her knees, lift up her arms and take the same wild leap to death as the White Lady in the long-ago.

Henry dimly remembers crying "God" several times, and wanting to throw himself after her. But he did not, whether through lack of courage or through self-control, he has never been able to decide.

THEATRE By Gilbert Wakefield.

The Merchant of Venice. By Shakespeare. St. James's.
The Jack Pot. A Revue. Prince of Wales.

Until I had seen the new production of "The Merchant of Venice" at the St. James's Theatre, I had been firmly convinced that there were only two ways of restoring this well-hated play—I won't say to popularity; that would be asking altogether too much!—but to the comparative favour in which "Hamlet" and "Othello" and the other habitually acted plays of Shakespeare are still held. In the case of these latter plays, people feel it necessary to make excuses for not going; in the case of "The Merchant," they say unashamedly that nothing on earth would induce them ever again to sit through it.

The whole trouble with "The Merchant" arises out of Shakespeare's ineradicable habit of borrowing other people's plots, instead of inventing his own. This unfortunate habit would have mattered very much less if, instead of sticking closely to the often ridiculous and uncongenial originals, he had taken, in respect of their narratives, the courageous "liberties" he never hesitated to take with regard to their characterisation. Directly he got his teeth into these stories, he must have been aware that he had bitten off more than even he could comfortably chew—in a mouth already chock-full of other, more substantial foods.

For instance, the lively tale of Gianetto in "Il Pecorone" might have furnished a less thoughtful playwright with material for a pretty and poetic comedy—in which Bassanio and Portia and Antonio would have been the protagonists, with Shylock no more than a dimly seen lay-figure in the background. We could then have accepted, as a charming fairy tale, the ridiculous story of the Caskets, and Portia's even more ridiculous impersonation of the "learned doctor."

But that was not how the story shaped itself in Shakespeare's mind. He had begun to think for himself, and to question the conventional sympathies and orthodox opinions of his young contemporaries. The grand—and completely devastating—consequence was Shylock: who steps, not only from the background to the forefront of the story; not only from the role of villain to the role (or very nearly, anyway) of hero; but—to the glory of the playwright, but the ruination of his play!—from the bright and unsubstantial fairy-land of poetry, into the world of dark reality.

The dramaturgic consequences are two. In the first place, once our intellectual (as distinct from our purely aesthetic) faculties have been called into action, we are in no mood for the pretty-pretty nonsense of Bassanio and Portia. The tragedy of Venice hangs—fatally!—like a dark cloud over Belmont. Far worse, however, is Portia's frivolous intrusion in the trial-scene. No actress, certainly no actress gay enough to play the Belmont scenes, can help reducing that which, up till her appearance, has been drama, to, at best, effective "theatre." The comedy of Belmont shines—fatally!—like a bright lime-light over Venice.

The remedy? I spoke of two. One is to revive the old tradition and present the play as the "comical history" it is designated in the Quartos—with Shylock a ludicrous, red-wigged villain, and Portia bewhiskered and moustachioed in the trial-scene. The other (now all ye loyal Shakespeare "fans" and sycophantic commentators, prepare to hurl your brickbats!) to omit altogether Portia's impersonation, substituting a male actor

However, the current presentation of this difficult play at the St. James's Theatre offers yet a third, and a less drastic, solution. I was puzzled at the time to know precisely by what cunning trickery or happy accident "The Merchant" had been purged so thoroughly of its customary absurdities as to be—of all surprising things—enjoyable. I could not believe that this was due to Mr. Ernest Milton's Shylock, which, though intelligent, was insufferably stagey without the compensating quality of grandeur. Then, was it the Portia of Miss Mary Newcomb? This Portia was beautiful and dignified and, above all else, romantic; but it lacked those human qualities, in particular the gaiety, which one associates with the girl who wagered she would "prove the prettier fellow of the two."

But no; it was not an individual performance, but a combination of unusual circumstances. Remember the problem: how to reconcile the trivial fictions of the Belmont scenes with the tragic realities of Venice. Well, at the St. James's, thanks to the virility of Mr. Wise, and the sincerity of Miss Newcomb,—helped, I should add, by the superbly fine Morocco of Mr. George Zucco and, even more perhaps, by the sensuous musical accompaniment of Mr. Norman O'Neil—the scenes at Belmont do not seem as silly or "far-fetched" as usual. And just as there is less comedy in Belmont, so there is less tragedy in Venice. Mr. Nicholas Hannen—rightly—gives us a still young Antonio, whose "sadness" is no more than the slight temporary melancholy indicated by the text. He is never pitiable, because he never asks for our pity, any more than he asks Shylock's. The tragedy is thereby lightened for us. So, too, with Mr. Milton's Shylock, who is much more nearly villain of the piece than hero. There are "decent" sides to this Shylock's character; his hatred and desire for vengeance are made understandable; but he never makes false appeals to our emotional generosity. In a word, this is not a "sympathetic" Shylock.

The new revue at the Prince of Wales' Theatre will need improving out of all recognition if it is to survive. Its ostensible purpose is to "star" an American singer named Miss Marion Harris, whose contribution to the evening's entertainment consisted of four or five songs—or it may have been one song sung four or five times. For I am not sufficiently an expert to distinguish one specimen of "baby-language" idiocy from another. There was also a moderately amusing "tumbler" named George Campo, and Barquette provided some ten minutes of excitement by swinging himself out into the auditorium. I enjoyed Mr. Vernon Sylvaine's war-play called "The Road of Poplars," and admired the acting of Mr. Henry Caine; but it was not the sort of thing one wants in a revue.

FILMS

By MARK FORREST.

The Lost Squadron. Directed by George Archainbaud. The Tivoli.

The Frightened Lady. Directed by T. Hayes Hunter. The Capitol.

Tarzan. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The Empire.

Apparently there are people in the world who revel in the excitement of crashing aeroplanes. There is, of course, the money side of the question, but five hundred pounds and hospital expenses seem to me to be singularly inadequate rewards for a *chandelle* into the sea or a side-slip at 125 miles an hour into the side of a house. In "The Lost Squadron," the new film at the Tivoli, Dick Grace, who doubles for Richard Dix and Robert Armstrong, certainly earns every penny of his salary; but besides providing the thrills he has also written the story. In fashioning the latter, he has adopted the same tactics as he does for his aeroplane "stunts." He has acquired an old vehicle, and, though he does not smash it to atoms, he makes a very forced landing. The "one for all and all for one" catch phrase is becoming very tiresome from over-use; but for those who like to believe that men are in the habit of crying over one another, perhaps the shadow of this sentimentality will never grow less; however, the girth of this particular tree has dwindled for others.

There is some wonderful photography, trick and otherwise, and if the story and the dialogue are both somewhat absurd, it must be borne in mind that the difficulties of making the subject convincing are nearly insuperable. The elephants are the star performers, and the only notable absentee from the animal cast is the rhinoceros.

Mr. Hayes Hunter has made quite a workmanlike job out of the late Mr. Wallace's "The Frightened Lady." One should not interfere with the development of the detective instinct or deprive anyone of the satisfaction of leaning back in his seat and saying, probably untruthfully, that he had "spotted the winner," so I shall not give away the picture's secret. So far this kind of amusement has proved very entertaining in novels, fairly so in the theatre, and not at all on the screen. The reason for its failure on the films lies in the fact that there is not sufficient time to mystify the audience and also provide it with all the clues necessary to a proper comprehension of the problem. However, at the Capitol, these weaknesses are not so apparent. The cast is a strong one, and Gordon Harker saves the film from any tendency to become dull.

The aeroplane thrills in "The Lost Squadron" and the murderous ones in "The Frightened Lady" are both of minor significance compared to those which abound in "Tarzan," the new picture at the Empire. A private view of this film should have been arranged for Mr. Acworth and Mr. Raw before they embarked on last week's argument in *The Saturday Review*. The Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer company, like Disraeli, comes down on the side of the angels, and Louis Weismuller, though he swings from the trees with the apes and makes a noise like an infuriated sea-lion, bears no resemblance to the missing link.

CORRESPONDENCE

POLEAXE *versus* HUMANE KILLER

SIR,—I have seen the poleaxe in action in this country and abroad. In the hands of a skilled man this weapon is effective, but, on several occasions, in England as well as overseas, I have witnessed the most ghastly attempts to slay animals humanely with this instrument; first one eye and then the other, and then, possibly, a third or fourth blow before the unfortunate victim is done to death, a very miserable death.

Many years ago I was able to introduce the humane killer to a port in British West Africa. Prior to this, the cattle were lined up at the slaughter house the night before, tied up by the horns, with the head pressed tight and rigid against the post. In the morning, stiff after the ordeal of the night, each beast was, in turn, thrown to the ground and murdered. The poleaxe was not known; the alternative was the knife, sometimes none too sharp. With the arrival of the humane killer, animals were not taken to the slaughter house until just before they were to be put to death. A mistake was never made. Just a tap, the animal dropped, and its throat was cut, not to kill it, but because some of the people were Moslems. We fired the same kind of bullet one could use to kill a man; not a "thimble." The same "killer" and the same cartridge was used for oxen, sheep, goats and pigs, and the butchers were very grateful for this humane weapon and its merciful effects. One other point: we found that the meat of humanely slaughtered animals was superior to the "butchered" victim's flesh.

I have killed many horses with a .450 Webley revolver. One after the other; no mistake, no fuss, no trembling, terror-stricken, fighting animals. This could not be done with a poleaxe in the same humane, merciful way.

Bulls, bullocks and cows are, beyond question, affected by something connected with the dead body and fresh blood of one of their own kind. Just to quote one instance: I was asked to shoot a bullock which had run wild and had become a nuisance. I got him through the heart with a .303 hard-nosed bullet. His throat was cut immediately, the usual ritual. Shortly after, a group of cows being brought in to be milked approached the dead body. First of all they shied, then crept cautiously up to the body and the pool of blood, smelling at the one and looking at the other; realising in their way what had happened, they bucked and bounded away in bellowing terror and grief. If there is blood and other things about bulls, bullocks and cows about to be butchered undoubtedly suffer mentally before they die.

Taken to a slaughter house kept scrupulously clean, and cleanly killed, not brutally done to death, the animal feels nothing mentally or physically.

W. ADDISON.

May 16th, 1932.

THE CURSE OF IRELAND

SIR,—An answer to the letter from Mr. Victor Wallace, which appeared in your columns of May 14th, is to be found in the following sermon by the Archbishop of

Malta: "The question in Malta is a religious one, and no true Catholic can be blind to his duty in regard to the disposition of his vote. It is the duty of every true Catholic to listen to the voice of the Church, and obey her dictates, and the Church speaks through her bishops and parish priests.

"In the political elections shortly to be held, everyone is agreed that Catholics should perform their civic duty, but they must vote in accordance with the dictates of the Church."

In the course of my administrative career I have met priests of the Church of Rome who did not hesitate to attempt to interfere with the work of the State. Professing no faith I was able to deal with each case without being in terror of the wrath of an angry God in the Hereafter.

"X. Y. Z."

May 16th, 1932.

BUILDING SOCIETIES

SIR,—Your note about Building Societies in last week's issue is, I fear, somewhat inaccurate.

Very few Building Societies give so high a rate of interest as 5 per cent. on deposits. The larger ones certainly do not. They have even diminished the rate of dividend to shareholders.

Whatever fears there may be that mortgagors will fail to maintain their repayments, there is no evidence as yet that such cases have reached serious proportions. Should they do so, it will be entirely due to Building Societies' maintaining a high rate of interest to depositors and shareholders, while charging mortgagors a rate beyond the value of money at the present day.

A 5 per cent. rate of interest on money deposited with a Building Society is equivalent to a rate of £6 18s. 4d., with liability to income tax, as compared with £5 on an investment in War Loan. Deposit your money to-day with a Bank and you will get $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., *not* free of income tax.

"AN INVESTOR."

May 16th, 1932.

HOSPITALS AND CINEMAS

SIR,—May I beg the freedom of your columns to correct the impression which may have been conveyed to your readers by Mr. George Lansbury's necessarily compressed version of the financial situation of the East London Hospital for Children, as given in my address to the Court of Governors?

Friends have congratulated me on the reduction of an overdraft of £14,000 to so small a figure as £930. The true position is that the total indebtedness of the Hospital to its Bankers was increased in 1931 by £930, being the excess of expenditure over income, and that total indebtedness is to-day well over £10,000 and *likely to increase*. Truly a crushing burden upon a small institution hidden in a slum from the eyes and knowledge of the charitable public.

ALAN G. CAVE.

Bickley, Kent,
May 12th, 1932.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

BY RALPH HILL.

"I am not satisfied," wrote Beethoven in 1802, "with my works up to the present time. From to-day I mean to take a *new road*." A year later the "Eroica" Symphony No. 3 in E flat appeared. Apart from the poetical and dramatic implications of the music, there is an enormous advance in technical application: the subject matter is more closely connected and its development richer and more concentrated in thought, the coda is made a vital part of the structure, and the orchestration is more expressive and individual in treatment. The power and beauty of this work is displayed by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Hans Pfitzner (Decca-Polydor CA 2047-11), and the recording is of a high standard throughout. Beethoven's genius for portraying dramatic incident within the limits of a set design, like the overture, is nowhere shown to better purpose than in the Overture "Egmont," the music of which is not only vividly descriptive of its literary basis but a masterly piece of musical construction, terse and concentrated in thought and full of invention. The Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, under Willem Mengelberg (Columbia LX 161), secure a notable performance, the recording of which is clear and well balanced except for one or two muddy patches in the bass.

Gaiety and brilliance are the chief characteristics of Berlioz's charming Overture, "Beatrice and Benedict" (the opera is founded on Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing"). The thematic material consists of four themes, the first two being the most important: (a) quick and delicate in semi-quaver triplet groups and (b) a lovely sustained tune for strings in unison. The working out and general treatment is neatly done and very effective. An exhilarating and pointed performance is given by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Julius Kapsch (Decca-Polydor LY 6006), to which the recording does every justice. While Beethoven and Berlioz were typical revolutionaries and brought originality to nearly every aspect of their work, Mendelssohn was a reactionary and preferred to accept the formality and conventions of his period: thus his formal principles and schemes of harmony and modulation are square-cut and stereotyped, which in his less inspired works is very trying and monotonous to modern ears. However, since Mendelssohn was a consummate craftsman and a fertile and charming melodist, his finest works still retain a unique and irresistible appeal. The "Italian" Symphony No. 4 in A major is a good example of the rich and exquisite quality of his invention and the finesse of his craftsmanship despite the use of certain mechanical formulæ. For sparkling colour and vitality of rhythm of melody it would not be easy to surpass this delightful symphony, the first and last movements of which simply bubble over with *la joie de vie*. Sir Hamilton Harty, with The Hallé Orchestra (Columbia DX 342-5), offer a magnificent performance, the recording of which is a great achievement.

A fairly strong case could be built up in support of the thin and seemingly unimportant orchestral texture of Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 2 in F minor. For one thing, a heavier and more elaborate accompaniment would have done much to injure and obscure the delicate ornamental piano writing which is an integral part of the music's appeal and contains some of the essence of its poetry. Arthur Rubenstein, accompanied by the London Symphony Orchestra under John Barbirolli, plays the solo part with beautiful tone quality and sense of rhythm (H.M.V. DB 1494-7), and the reproduction is excellent.

FINE PRINTING MODERN PRIVATE PRESSES LIMITED EDITIONS

*A Special Display will be made from
May 23rd—June 11th. All inter-
ested in Modern Book Craft are
invited to make a visit of inspection*

TRUSLOVE AND HANSON
14a CLIFFORD STREET
Reg. 7527 LONDON, W.1

Read . . .

G.K.'s WEEKLY

EDITED BY

G. K. CHESTERTON

*A Weekly Review of
Politics, Literature
& the Arts*

Every Friday

Sixpence

G.K.'s WEEKLY stands for the tra-
dition of the family against interference
by modern Bureaucracy, Monopoly and
Socialism—for the restoration of Liberty
by the distribution of property.

THE INDEPENDENT JOURNAL

Order G.K.'s WEEKLY from your newsagent; or
write to The Manager, G.K.'s WEEKLY, 2 Little
Essex Street, London, W.C.2. Subscription Rates
for one year, 28s.; for six months, 14s.; for three
months, 7s.—post free.

NEW NOVELS

- Huge as Sin.* Edward Frankland. Cape. 7s. 6d.
Old Wine and New. Warwick Deeping. Cassell. 7s. 6d.
If This Be Error. Betty Askwith. Methuen. 6s.
Heart's Harrow. Jean Fayard. Translated by Warre B. Wells. Mathews & Marrot. 7s. 6d.
Ship in the Night. Robert Neumann. Davies. 7s. 6d.

It is always a pleasure to take up a book which comes from the house of Cape. Everything is so "right" and one is reasonably confident that the interior of the book is worthy of the production for which this firm is justly famous.

Mr. Frankland's novel is no exception to the rule. He writes convincingly and graphically, with an acute eye to beauty of phrase and conception. From the mists of eleven hundred years ago, he brings a story of high valour and dark deeds, of faithfulness and treachery, of love, lust and sacrifice.

They were hard men, these Vikings, honest and faithful in the main. This is the story of Thorold, the most honest and faithful of them all, who won the kingship of Westmorningsland by right of conquest, who loved Thora but was vowed to another woman, who found himself surrounded with treachery yet was straightforward in all his dealings, and who, when free at last to take Thora to share his throne, had to ride out alone as a human sacrifice to save his little kingdom from pillage and sack.

It is all convincingly told, and Mr. Frankland is to be congratulated on a fine piece of narrative. The story of Thorold and Thora unfolds itself with a tragic directness amidst a welter of blood and lust and against a background of Northern England when Dane and Norseman harried its defenceless shores. Those were stirring days for men to live in, but the women, at any rate in Mr. Frankland's story, had a thin time of it!

Mr. Deeping's new novel is a satisfying affair. He doesn't quite maintain the heights he won with "Sorrell and Son," but he is not far off. "Old Wine and New" is the story of Spencer Scarsdale, a journalist who finds that post-war restlessness has imperilled his job. He is like a rabbit caught in a snare (Mr. Deeping's simile), with the wire ever drawing closer. He faces destitution, but his luck turns and all ends happily.

It sounds bare and silly, but Mr. Deeping is too good an author to let it really be so. The story lives, the characterisation is real and vivid, and in Scarsdale we almost find Sorrell resurrected. I say almost advisedly, because Scarsdale is gentle and humble, a little incredulous of the new world he finds after the war. Sorrell was a fighter, but Scarsdale needed urging before he took up the cudgels. But there is the same humanity, the same toleration and simplicity, the same courage.

"Old Wine and New" is a book of great beauty and tenderness. Mr. Deeping's public is wide, and there are

few, if any, who will not get a great deal of pleasure out of reading his latest book.

Miss Askwith's first solo flight into the æther of literature has resulted in a graceful little study of the emotions and reactions of a girl towards love, marriage and happiness. Helena Dering asks the question as to whether the security of marriage compensates for the bitterness and sweetness of love, and the answer is presumably negative. Her sister's marriage ended in complacency, her own love affairs came to naught, yet we find her presumably satisfied at the end of the book.

This is a pleasant little book, but it touches the theme too lightly, and, in consequence, lacks the power with which Miss Askwith's theme is latent. The story, too, is a little weak in its dependence upon coincidence, but these are faults that even the best novelists have to fall back upon at times. There is great promise in this first novel, and I shall look forward to the next which comes from Miss Askwith's pen.

M. Fayard, like Miss Askwith, also considers that the insecurities of love are more to be desired than the complacency of marriage. But the love he writes about is different from Miss Askwith's. It is very carnal, and I have no doubt that most people would refute its claim to be called love at all.

The book was awarded the *Prix Goncourt* in 1931, but either I or the translator must have missed the point which decided the committee in its favour. Or it might be that the Gallic viewpoint on these matters differ from the English. Frankly, I found that the basis of the story was a man's lust for a woman, cloaked under the label of love. The book, too, does not ring quite true, the characters do not come to life, though the blame for that does not necessarily lie at M. Fayard's door—for this is, after all, a translation. And yet there is a certain vague beauty about the book which peeps out occasionally through the sensuality of Jacques's passion for Florence, the selflessness of Dougherty's passion for Florence, and the fire of Guérette's passion for Florence. But poor Florence, who had to give herself to them all! Still, she seemed very willing about it.

Last on the list comes a very different kind of book. A ship sails from a port in China with European refugees and also, under lock and key in the hold, five hundred communists.

To pass the time, and also to keep at bay the terror inspired among the refugees by the presence of the communists, stories are told, and these stories make the book. They are pithy, crisp, witty, and all told in Mr. Neumann's best style. Some of them are a little Rabelaisian in texture, but one must expect that when death is overshadowing the story-teller, and there is no doubt that Mr. Neumann is a master of the short story-teller's art.

This is an extremely clever book, thoroughly well worth reading, and the translation is excellent. So excellent, indeed, that the stories might have been written straight into English.

REVIEWS

The Story of My Life.—Clarence Darrow.

Scribner's, 15/-.

This is a remarkable book by a remarkable man. In personal appearance and in some traits of character Mr. Darrow bears a remarkable likeness to Abraham Lincoln and probably but for his individual revolt against the herd instinct he might have made the same sort of mark that Lincoln did in politics. However, Clarence Darrow is above all a lawyer, and although in this book he states that he has finally retired, the latest news records his arrival at Honolulu to defend Lieutenant Massie.

The book is comprehensive. It begins with reflections. Darrow calls them "philosophy of life." Here is one—"I never advise anyone to play poker or not to play poker; but I always advise them to keep the limit down." Good advice; Darrow did not govern his life by it. He never set a limit to himself. He was on the side of the man who was down. Surely that is the legal equivalent of unlimited stakes.

The list of the trials of which Darrow gives details is practically identical with the list of the more important labour struggles in the United States, and for the most part these have no general interest for the ordinary reader. Two of them, however, are in quite a different category.

One is the famous Dayton Case when John T. Scopes was condemned for the heresy of teaching the doctrines of evolution in Tennessee, and the three chapters on it are among the best in the book.

The other case of general interest is the one in which two youths (Leopold and Loeb) murdered a young friend of the name of Robert Franks. The story of this case exhibits the essential difference between the methods of English justice and the procedure in the United States. Darrow records the difference that allows the newspapers not only to give details of crimes before the trial but even permits violent attacks on the accused to be published. His remarks are caustic but not too strong.

Even outside the law Darrow's life is full of interest. He was born in 1857 and the picture of his father as the village infidel and the local undertaker could certainly not have been reproduced here in the England of that date. His library of advanced scientific works might possibly exist in the house of an English village undertaker to-day but one would not have found it in 1857.

There are only two defects in the book. One is a certain verbosity and the other is a certain absence of humour. I have had the good fortune to meet Mr. Darrow on several occasions and the impression of the book is the same as the impression conveyed by his company, namely, that he has always felt the tragedy of human life so deeply that he cannot get outside it. It is gratifying to know that anyone so full of sensibility and imagination should have made so great a mark on his age, especially when upholding such deserving but unpopular causes.

E. S. P. HAYNES.

A History of Later Greek Literature. By F. A. Wright. Routledge. 18s.

THIS excellent survey of unfamiliar fields is dedicated to Mr. A. D. Knox, who is famous in classical circles for saying "I would as soon read Dio as Xenophon, Aristides as Demosthenes, Aelian as Aristotle." And so say all of us who are not tied to the Classical canon. Greek continued a literary tongue until the very close of Paganism, incidentally becoming the language of the Church in a way that Latin never did, becoming the medium of the sacred books and of the great Fathers. Greek suffered decay at Alexandria but found a wonderful Renaissance in Rome. Professor Wright has made his survey with plenty of quotation and with those amusing parallels between ancient and modern writers which whether just or not enable the literateur to imagine what the dead names conveyed. "Lucian in his blend of wit and sagacity is only equalled by Voltaire," for example. Palladas in his morbid attitude to sex recalls Swift. Quintus is like Tennyson: "a very good imitation of a great poet." Athenaeus has analogy with Burton's *Anatomy*.

It is curious that the later Greeks like Theocritus and Apollonius developed the natural love of men and women in their writings which the classical ignored, though not for prudish reasons. Theophrastus was interesting as the first to found a College in the modern sense. His concise and stinging "Characters" are inimitable. "If each of Sappho's Poems was a rose, each of the cameos of Theophrastus is an onion," says Professor Wright. Menander lives for his two famous sentiments that evil communications corrupt good manners and that whom the gods love die young. Though utterly lost, a good many fragments have been recovered of late. His plays were entirely associated with foundlings and seductions. "To him men were not God's children but God's foundlings and the unseen power that swayed their fortunes was Chance." Of this late company was Epicurus, with his famous doctrine of the Swerve, and Euclid, who wrote other books beside his *Elements*, which hung round the necks of schoolboys for over two thousand years.

Great is the variety of this late blossoming literature, this Autumn-garden of Hellas. It includes the Septuagint of the Hellenised Jews, and the Books of the Macca-bees, which never existed in Hebrew; Callimachus, who for poet and critic is compared to Ben Jonson; Theocritus, the Spenser of those days and Meleager, the Herrick. The Greek Anthology, of course, preserves the Helicon of the Alexandrians. How strange it is to look at modern Alexandria and recall the immense Library, the host of critics and the conflicting schools of letters. Nothing survives except the literature whose fragments germinate out of tombs and rubbish heaps. The Mimes of Herodes came to light in 1891. Sordid and occasionally obscene, "he is very like our James Joyce!" We should like to have known the late Walter Headlam's opinion of this. Perhaps in matter but not in form he is Joycean, but Herodes is far from shapeless or incomprehensible. Suddenly the Greeks produced the world's model historian, Polybius. He was impartial, vivid and wrote with a philosophy of history. SHANE LESLIE.

Wold Without End. By H. J. Massingham. Cobden-Sanderson. 10s. 6d.

LOVERS of The Cotswolds have a true friend and modern biographer in Mr. Massingham, and this book will arouse the "Call of the Wold" in others. Mr. Massingham writes with real insight and knowledge of the early history, the architecture, the Folk-Lore, the County Inns, the Yawnies, and the Birds and Flowers of this unspoilt stretch of England. In describing the Cotswolds Churches, he leaves no doubt as to his preference for the simplicity of Norman architecture as opposed to the over-elaboration of the Perpendicular Period. It is a pity he does not always favour simplicity of style in his writing, as there are passages which will be unintelligible to many. Where he does so, as in the account of the death of his Giant Sheep dog, his language is as beautiful as it is moving. "This is the month in which my Whisky died and left me more solitary than the barest Wold on a winter's night. Distemper caught him, left him a gaunt scaffolding hung with a rug . . . I could not keep him with me, and at the end his dying brown eyes asked me to let him go. . . . For he had in him that large simplicity of devotion and faith that seems deathless by its very nature, and an ignorance of all that is dark and false and cruel that placed him in the morning of Life."

Here is a book to buy and take down and read as a way of escape from a World gone mad.

SIEFFRE.

Western Isles. By W. C. Mackenzie. Gardner. 6s.

THE Romance of Ultima Thule, the glamour and history of the Western Isles, inspire an annual crop of delightful books by Summer visitors from the Lowlands and England. But in this book the Isles are allowed to tell their own tales, as if in the magic circle of the peat fire at a winter *celidh*. The past looms before us. We see the deeds of the *Feine*, the heroes of the clans and their exploits; all set before us timelessly, yet in immutable tradition—like a piece of fate. Then there are vignettes out of the ancient daily life of the Isles; the fatherly rule of Mac Neill in Barra, and of that too good-humoured Clanranald in Uist, who had a passion for king-fish! On the other hand, we see a MacDonald and a MacLeod, who, in the rising spirit of rack-renting Whiggery, were willing to sell their "*clanna*" (children) into slavery, and to join the enemies of a Prince, who had come relying mainly upon their word.

The later tales are frequently embellished by Celtic imagination; but the tales of the *Feine* and of the greater heroes were handed down with religious accuracy by the *Seannachaidh*. Indeed if the many Gaelic Iliads fail to survive it will not be "*quia carent vate sacro*," but because of these latter days no pen has written them down. This book consists of such tales which were written down, by one John Morrison (who was born in 1787). They were preceded by an excellent and compact Island History from the Viking conquest (which paradoxically resulted in intensifying Celtic tradition, by the very separation from

the mainland) to the recent fascinating experiment of Lord Leverhulme. The iniquitous Statutes of Iona, however, receive only a bare and almost laudatory mention though these were plainly designed, like the Fife venture, "to ruit out" and destroy everything Highland and Gaelic. Nor is perhaps, sufficient stress laid upon that illegal trawling which to-day is progressively destroying the gear and livelihood of the Islanders. The last section consists of a learned (if necessarily conjectural) study of place-names. Such a volume of short sketches should commend itself to the intermittent leisure of the modern reader.

"CINNACREAGAN."

Across Lapland. Olive Murray Chapman. Bodley Head. 15s.

Dalmatia. Oona Ball. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

THESE are two good travel books of an opposite purpose. Mrs. Ball is out to praise Dalmatia, to make you desert Mallorca, the Pyrenees, Sicily, whatever your favourite holiday place may be, and entice you via Fiume and Susak to thread your way in and out of the paradise islands off the coast of Yugo-Slavia. Mrs. Chapman will attract few readers—not to her book, but to Lapland. She is bitten by the North (an easy thing once you go there). She has travelled hardily and unconventionally across the deserts of Iceland; and she wanted to see Lapland as Lapland, a country of snow, sledges and reindeer. That meant a journey—over which many wise Norwegians shook their heads—far above the Arctic Circle to Hammerfest, from Hammerfest up the Alten Fjord, from Alta to Bossekop, where she arrived in time for the Lapp Market at the beginning of March. The market over, she travelled by sledge through Finmark (Norwegian Lapland), putting up each night at a fjellstue, one of the isolated, primitive wooden huts on the sledge route, suffering agonies of cold, stiffness and anxiety. But Mrs. Chapman saw Finmark, and the Lapp Settlements, saw Finnish Lapland, and Swedish Lapland before making her way back in the Spring to Narvik and England. She is a dexterous traveller rather than a dexterous writer. That is the pity of her book. If she gave more of herself or more of the Lapps or a cleverer mixture of the two, "*Across Lapland*" might be supremely entertaining.

Yet, however good it was, it would still be a relief to return from its iciness to the ultramarine heat of the Adriatic. The North, the winter twilight on snow, the Northern lights, the gaiety of the colours of Lapp dress—they are pleasant in their kind, but what wise man would not go hurriedly from them to a country of heat, flowers, and ancient civilisation? Mrs. Ball put Dalmatia's claims very persuasively with the right mixture of practical information, historical gossip and scenic description. The result is blandishment by which one reviewer at least has been snared.

G. GRIGSON.

Half a Century of Sport. Sir A. Pease, Bt. Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.

AS Quakers, industrial giants and landowners the Pease family have written history for three generations. Many there are to say that until they and their like, Lambtons, Stobarts, Leiths, Pawsons, Joiceys, are reinstated or replaced no restoration of our heavy trades can come. Brother of "Jack" Lord Gainford, Sir Alfred chose a life which many will regard as one of pleasure. Great museums disprove that: this book to the real countryman shows it. Sport to be enjoyed must be a natural liking in which the sportsman masters the collector or head-hunter. And, too, it calls for laborious planning ahead.

This book is based on a series of articles in the "Field." It depends on a well-filled diary for its facts and on a long life for its comments. At Cambridge, and even before, the call of the chase captured the hero and founded his first love. Incidentally he discloses the late Duke of Leeds as the second lead in a famous two-hour act in Jesus Lane, where the huntsman of the Drag patiently waited for the Master (the Duke) who had gone to ground under a sofa to avoid payment of a cheque. With the late Lord Binning and others young Pease made undergraduate history, thereafter Cleveland—as good as Melton every whit for clean good fun—North Africa, Asia Minor, the Pyrenees—for ibex and ibex—Aberdeen or Perth every autumn, Parliament—what a life! But the naturalist's love comes out every time in his by no means unequal contest between man and beast. Later on the Transvaal and Kenya revived the thrill.

One thing the author says will appeal to a wide public. It is often thought that Man kills off game by shooting in a newly developing country. Sir Alfred provides the real reply, that Man naturally prefers the best lands to cultivate and thus drives the wild creatures to poorer or inhospitable soils. Here lies the real killer of the herds.

Some things Sir Alfred reports are strange indeed; a grouse with 287 cranberries in its crop, a Kaffir alive with a temperature of 113 deg. F., a man on horseback spinning over a cliff only to bounce from shelf to beach none the worse for an amazing, even unbelievable accident, while the modern fox-chaser may well read over many passages to teach him humility. One lesson is clear to Sir Alfred, that this generation neither works so hard nor gets up so early—4.30 a.m. in the '80's for a twenty mile hack! One aspect of this half-century lies in a pregnant sentence giving the increase of the cost of maintenance of high roads in Yorkshire as rising in fifty years from £28 a mile to £500. Sir Alfred rightly prefers, by the way, grouse-shooting over dogs.

The author's comments on men and incidents are witty and apposite. "The Cat" probably was, as he claims, the greatest thruster ever. M.P. or M.F.H. is still in the inverted order to many of his education. And his description of Perthshire in October on p. 114 is so happy in its memories as to spoil by mere quotation here. One criticism only for any future edition; *Whittall* is the family hardly less famous in Constantinople than Pease in Darlington.



PLAYER'S
NAVY MIXTURE - NAVY CUT TOBACCO

MCY 49

MY AFFAIRS

A new booklet which enables the man in the street to leave a clear record of his Affairs.

YOUR affairs—are they so simple and well-known that if you were taken suddenly, they could be settled up at once without difficulty? Or would there be searchings and worry and trouble and delay and expense and then perhaps something of value left out? Why not make the way easy for those you leave behind? It can be done for half-a-crown and a very little expenditure of time. Ask your Bookseller for one of these books at once, or write direct to the Publishers enclosing Postal Order for 2s. 8d.

**THE SOLICITORS' LAW
STATIONERY SOCIETY, Ltd.**
LONDON:

22, Chancery Lane, W.C.2

And Branches

LIVERPOOL:

19 & 21, North John Street

GLASGOW:

66, St. Vincent Street

Stamp Collecting. By Stanley Phillips. Sampson Low. 6s.

ALTHOUGH a very interesting volume, and undoubtedly of immense value to the tyro, I cannot in all fairness see that the author's expressed hope, that his book will become a work of reference, will be fulfilled, though it fulfils its purpose as a guide to sane philately. In incorporating with a guide on successful stamp collecting short histories of communications, the post office, and treatises on printing and paper making, he has tried to do too much. Despite the sketchiness of some of the chapters, Mr. Phillips has, paradoxical though it may sound, adequately achieved the impossible in introducing such a multitude of subjects in a single volume.

The first part of the book, *Posts and Postage Stamps*, appears in parts to be rather loosely compiled, for, in attempting to present his points with clarity, the author has, in my opinion, erred on the side of over simplicity, which in some cases, notably *Perforating and Paper making*, have not quite hit the mark.

These shortcomings are, however, amply compensated for by the second half of the book. Here is an excellent guide to stamp collecting which all embryo or general collectors would do well to study. Profusely illustrated, the book makes excellent reading, an attribute rare in works of this class, which the enquiring layman should find both interesting and informative.

PATRICK HAMILTON.

BOOKS TO READ LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

1. *Politicians and the War.* By Lord Beaverbrook. Lane. 7s. 6d. Will be reviewed, all about the 1916 crisis.
2. *The Capital Question of China.* By Lionel Curtis. MacMillan. 10s. 6d. An author needing no introduction.
3. *Fanny Kemble.* By D. de B. Bobbé. Elkin Mathews. 18s. The first full-dress life.
4. *Unconsidered Trifles.* By Compton Mackenzie. Secker. 5s. And *Changing Horizons.* By Geoffrey Johnson. Daniel. 5s. Both republications—one non-fiction, the other poems.
5. *Nationalism in the Hitler East.* By Hans Kohn. Routledge. 15s. Balkan and Levantine politics.
6. *Father Tyrrell.* By J. Lewis May. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d. The noted Jesuit's reaction to Modernism.
7. *The Quattro Cento, Part I., Florence and Verona.* By Adrian Stokes. Faber. 25s. An analysis of 15th Century Italian art.
8. *The Causes of Evolution.* Longmans. 7s. 6d. J. B. S. Haldane writing provocatively.
9. *From Auction to Contract.* Methuen. 5s. Lt.-Col. Buller's way.

NOVELS

- The Invincible Adam,* by G. S. Viereck and P. Eldridge. Duckworth. 8s. 6d.
- Old Wine and New,* by Warwick Deeping. Cassell. 7s. 6d.
- Madam Julia's Tale,* by Naomi Royde-Smith. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

MOURNING SUNSHINE

By ERIC WALTER WHITE.

VERY far away someone's voice hung high, trembling like a silver firework against the darkness. And low down, beneath innumerable veils of sleep, her consciousness began to stir like an awakening bird. Suddenly, veil after veil was withdrawn, folded back, and the bird, a pearl-grey dove, soared upwards through shafts of increasing light. That high voice went out in a shower of sparks, and the dove soared upwards without stay; like a piece of wood that breaks free from some old wreck and rises immediately to the ocean top. And yet, the dove was not moving. No, it was quite still. It was space that was moving: the heavens were turning round the bird like a pink parasol. And then the parasol shut, and she saw the dove perched on a bar. Oh! that was no dove, that was only the curious wooden knob at the corner of her bed.

The unblinded windows let in three solid beams of light that seemed to rest with all their weight on the gay carpet.

Dorothy sprang out of bed.

"Madam!" exclaimed the astonished maid.

"I shall take my bath now, immediately."

"Yes, madam."

Dorothy walked across the carpet and stood before the first pool. Then she dipped her foot in and stirred the waters round as if feeling for an imaginary sun-fish. There was no fish there, of course, really; but she did have rather a shock when a ghost-fish that must have been lying in wait for her, began (ever so gently) to nibble her big toe.

From the bathroom came the noise of running water. She walked on a step, wrestled a moment with the sleeves of her nightgown, and suddenly everything collapsed into a little crumpled ring.

The third sun-pool lay hardly daring to breathe. But Dorothy went straight across and threw up the window, as if she couldn't bear the thought a moment longer that glass should stand between her and the sun.

How lovely the sun was; how lovely! Under its beams she felt as the flowers must feel after the long snows and rains of winter; that this, that this alone, was life; and that the cold, misty, dark days of preparation, however beautiful they might have seemed, were really unnatural and perverse. Her body responded deeply to the warmth, her spirit, too. Happiness trickled through her veins like slow drops of an age-old liqueur. And an unaccustomed love towards all men and all things blossomed in her.

"What is it?" she cried, stretching out her arms. "To-day must be some special day, one of those rare days, the beauty of which saves it from oblivion. I feel as I felt on my tenth birthday, incredulous with delight at the addition of a figure to my age."

At that moment the maid re-entered the room, carrying a heap of new clothes. They were black, and suddenly Dorothy remembered. Her husband was to be buried that afternoon.

WHAT WE THOUGHT

25 years ago. May 18th, 1907.

Lord Roberts and Conscription.

There can be no question that ideas in favour of introducing some form of compulsory military service are taking a more concrete shape; and many people now seriously attend to what a few years ago was regarded as absolutely impracticable. The meeting of the National Service League on Thursday was of unusual interest through the presence of Mr. Deakin, who, in his usual outright manner, stated the case for compulsion very clearly. In some respects colonial feeling is somewhat in advance of us in this great issue; and Mr. Deakin told us that he hoped to see a form of compulsion introduced into Australia before long. Lord Milner contributed one of his weightiest pronouncements in favour of compulsion; and Lord Roberts once more in the very plainest language warned us of the danger of thinking that the invasion of this country is impossible.

50 years ago. May 20th, 1882.

The Eddystone Lighthouse.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who laid the first stone of the new lighthouse on the Eddystone rock in 1879, has now, with all due pomp and circumstance, lit up the lantern for its first burning, and the new beacon has finally superseded the old, which is darkened for good and ever. Smeaton's famous tower is not, however, to be allowed to go to absolute ruin, or to disappear altogether when the rocks underneath it give way. The quaint idea of erecting the upper part of it on the Hoe is to be carried out, and one half of it is thus to form a permanent, if somewhat grotesque, memorial to the genius of the great engineer. Whether this tribute is the most fitting that could be paid, and whether the half-tower will not have a rather ludicrous appearance, it may not be easy to say; but certainly some tribute was due to the memory of the man who showed such marvellous skill and perseverance in erecting the Eddystone lighthouse.

75 years ago. May 23rd, 1857.

The Jews and Parliament.

Though it is out of the question that we should regard the enfranchisement of the Jews as we might the emancipation of the Roman Catholics or the repeal of the Test Act, we must desire the removal of their disabilities both in our own interest and in that of our political system. Even in a country in which anomalies count for as little as they do in England, the paralogism of giving the Jews votes but forbidding their entering Parliament is so monstrous in itself, and so fertile a source of dishonesty in language and argument, that every reasonable man is anxious to have done with it. There is nothing to prevent members of Parliament from being—the comparison is perhaps unsavoury—the mere bailiffs of the Jews; and yet we think we consult our dignity by making them wait at table in Christian livery, or rather in the old orange uniforms which were stitched together in William III's time. As for any system or theory which requires their exclusion, there is none such in existence, and certainly not in the minds of those who are labouring hardest to prevent the combustion of this rag of tyranny.

CITY

Lombard Street, Wednesday.

Everything seems to be shaping rapidly for the conversion on a big scale of the 5 per Cent. War Loan. The Bank rate, which at the beginning of the year stood at 6 per cent., is now only 2½ per cent. Money is a drug in Lombard Street, and the Government are able to borrow on Treasury bills at under 1 per cent. The banks and other institutions, unable to employ their surplus balances in the usual channels, are investing them in British Government and other securities against the time when money will become more usable again. These securities have, as a result, been steadily advancing in value for some time and in many cases now stand on a basis to yield less than 4 per cent. Thus, what looked like an impossibility a few months ago has now entered the realm of practical politics. There is over £2,000,000,000 of 5 per Cent. War Loan outstanding, and the conversion of this huge loan into a stock bearing, say, 4 per cent. interest would mean a saving to the hard-hit taxpayer of £20,000,000 a year.

Our Impoverished Customers.

One reason for the money plethora is the continued slackness of trade. The Board of Trade returns for April have been hailed with satisfaction in some quarters because of the reduction shown in our adverse trade balance. This, however, is in the main due to a falling off in imports as a result of tariff restrictions, and is only to a very small extent attributable to an increase in exports. It is by our exports that we live, and, unless and until our customers are able to buy our goods more freely, there is little hope of a revival of industrial activity. It is all to the good that our trade balance is less adverse; but this in itself is of little value so long as the many international problems, War debts, reparations, disarmaments, and so on—remain unsolved.

Cheap Railway Stock.

A striking example of the ravages of the world depression is afforded by the changed position of the Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Railway. A year or so ago this company ranked among the most profitable of the South American railways in which British investors are interested. Dividends of 7 per cent. were being regularly paid on nearly 6½ millions of Ordinary capital, and a still larger dividend was earned. For the past year, however, profits have so dwindled that nothing can be paid on this Ordinary capital, the net revenue balance being little more than sufficient to meet Debenture interest and dividend on the 3 per Cent. Preference stock. The company is suffering from the depression in the nitrate, copper and tin industries and from the fall in the Chilean Exchange. How long these adverse conditions will operate against the company it is impossible to say. But for those who are prepared to risk a long wait the Ordinary stock of the Antofagasta Railway appears to have speculative possibilities. The price of the £100 stock is now only about

£8 10s. Last year at one time it was changing hands at 51½, while in 1930 the peak price was 88, and in 1929 the quotation was as high as 111½. The present figure is about the lowest it has ever been.

Insurance Dividend Raised.

From the accounts so far published, Insurance companies seem to have more than held their own against the adversities of the past twelve months. Among the latest announcements is that of the Planet Assurance Company, Ltd. This company is controlled by the Sun Insurance Office, and it is pleasing to note that for the third consecutive year an increased dividend is being paid. For the year 1931 this is to be 8 per cent., or 1 per cent. more than for 1930. It was then 7 per cent., in comparison with 6 per cent. for 1929 and 5 per cent. for each of the eight preceding years. The Sun Insurance Office is paying a final dividend of 1s. 6d., making 2s. 8d. per share for the year. This is the same as for 1930.

A Double-Edged Weapon.

Sir Eric Geddes had much to say at the annual meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company regarding the crippling effect upon industry of the present high rate of taxation. But his chief grievance was concerned with the method of assessment, which, he pointed out, acts as a double-edged weapon against industrial progress. Being a holding company, profits of subsidiaries brought into its profit and loss account are naturally subject to income tax; but when losses occur, as unfortunately they have occurred during the past twelve months, no allowance is conceded by the income tax authorities. The result is that the parent company is subjected to a charge for income tax far in excess of the true profits earned. Such methods, Sir Eric claims, are a serious discouragement to enterprise and initiative. The risk of adventuring capital is so great and the reward, after taxation, so small that the will to adventure is being killed. Relief from such an intolerable burden is obviously a necessity if we are ever to return to prosperity. The industrial sponge, said Sir Eric, "is squeezed dry, and unless reductions in expenditure are made by the Government and taxation reduced this will inevitably be true of the country as a whole."

J. & P. Coats Results.

To provide the 10 per cent. dividend for the past year already paid by J. & P. Coats, Ltd., the Paisley cotton combine, a draft of £850,000 has had to be made on the company's dividend reserve. Actually, last year's trading profits showed an increase at £2,024,363, after providing for taxation, which compares with £1,809,852 for 1930. This time, however, the directors have had to provide not only £200,000 for depreciation of investments but £550,000 for exchange differences. After paying the dividend, the carry-forward is lowered from £361,631 to £180,994. As usual, an interim dividend of 6d. per share is to be made for the quarter ended 31st March, 1932.

COMPANY MEETING.

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD.

The thirty-third ordinary general meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., was held on the 12th May at Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, S.W. The Rt. Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, G.C.B., G.B.E., K.C.B. (the chairman) presided.

The chairman, in the course of his speech, said: You will have observed that the final net profit for the year shows a decrease of £61,395 as compared with 1930. In view of the fact that trade conditions all over the world have been most adverse, your directors feel that the company has done well in maintaining its position.

The amount of profits available for distribution has been seriously affected this year by the heavy provision that has had to be made for income tax. The sum of £374,943 provided in the company's accounts, however, by no means represents the total income tax liability of the whole group of Dunlop companies. In addition, sums have been provided in the accounts of the subsidiary companies amounting to £173,517, making a grand total of, say, £548,460.

STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION

From a study of the balance sheet you will observe that the financial position of the company is extremely strong. At the 31st December last the company's liquid assets, comprising British Government and other securities, together with bank balances and cash, amounted to £2,821,080, and had increased during the year by £1,376,339. The surplus of current assets over current liabilities amounted to £4,359,785, representing an increase during the year of £564,800. Every effort has been made to conserve and strengthen the liquid position of the company, and in the difficult times through which we are passing this is naturally a source of great strength.

The inventory position of all of your companies has been thoroughly investigated. All stocks have, where necessary, been drastically written down, and the stocks of all our companies are in a very healthy condition, and have been conservatively valued. The company has no embarrassing commitments; in fact, as stated in the directors' report, the position as regards raw rubber and cotton commitments is completely satisfactory.

For reasons given in the directors' report, the special reserve against investments in and advances to subsidiary companies has been increased to £2,000,000. No capital losses have, in fact, been realised, and if world trading conditions improve, the fortunes of our subsidiary and associated companies will immediately benefit.

The heavy fall in the price of rubber during 1931 naturally affected the earnings of this company, and, in consequence, after charging depreciation, there is a small deficit on the profit and loss account to be carried forward to next year. In addition to providing for this, the main company has had to provide under the terms of its guarantee for the preference dividend amounting to £112,500.

The f.o.b. costs, including all estate, manufacturing, and general charges in the East (excluding depreciation), which amounted in 1927-28 to 6.335d. per lb. of sheet rubber, have been reduced in 1930-31 to 3.056d. per lb. These costs have been further reduced during the current year to date to 2.460d. per lb., and a further reduction is anticipated during the remainder of this year.

In the future, when the high yielding bud-grafted areas come into bearing, considerable further reductions are expected. The estates have been fully maintained, and considering the adverse conditions that have obtained in the rubber industry, the directors are of opinion that the results are satisfactory.

The fall in volume of your tyre business during the past two years, due to the world depression, has naturally affected your cotton mills. Further, owing to the heavy import duties, it became necessary for the French Dunlop Company to erect its own cotton mills in France, and this has transferred business from Rochdale. The mills have, however, been well occupied, and have paid a dividend to the main company, which holds all the ordinary shares.

Our competitive position in the export market has been fully maintained. Considerable economies in expenditure have been and are still being effected, and, as soon as world conditions improve, I believe that our export business will show satisfactory results.

It is in the direction of broadening the basis of our manufacture, and of reducing our dependence on the tyre industry that I look hopefully to the future. Considerable research work has also been done, and in the field of Latex manufacture we think we have made inventions of major importance.

Mr. F. A. SZARVASY seconded the resolution, which, after some discussion, was agreed to.

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and staff.

Literary

A PROFITABLE PASTIME!

SPARE-TIME WRITING for the papers can be both pleasant and profitable. Send to-day for **FREE LESSON** and **BOOKLET**, with details of our unique Success Guarantee, to Dept. S/7, London Editorial College, 12-13, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2.

FREE BOOK FOR AMBITIOUS WRITERS. Tells how you can learn Journalism and Short-Story writing by post. You can earn considerable additional income as a spare-time writer. Write now to **METROPOLITAN COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM**, Dept. J4/8, ST. ALBANS.

AUTHORS invited to forward MSS. all kinds for prompt publication. Fiction specially required. £50 Cash Prizes for Poems. Stockwell, Ltd., 29, Ludgate Hill, London.

Miscellaneous

NEW WRITERS

THE TEMPLE BAR PUBLISHING CO., LTD., specialises in introducing the work of New Writers. Novels, Belles Lettres, Poetry, Plays and MSS. on special subjects, book length only, promptly considered. Generous terms for suitable work.—Address MSS., 30, St. Martin's Court, W.C.2.

THE COMING RACE. New Edition of "*Ars Vivendi*," with preface giving practice of Upward Breathing. Striking results for health, throat and voice. 3d., 6d.—**MR. ARTHUR LOVELL**, Wigmore Hall, W.1.

ARREST NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! 32 pages of striking health-restoring revelations Free. 2d. postage. D. N. Joyomoro, 8, Bream's Buildings, E.C.4.

ASPARAGUS direct from Grower. Sample 60 buds, 3/6; 120 buds, 6/3; Seven weekly supplies, same, 24/- and 42/- respectively. Post paid. Only Heaviest reserved for Mail Orders.—Field's Gardens, Hampton, Evesham.

INSPECTOR OF TAXES EXAMINATION
SPECIAL PREPARATION CAN NOW BE OBTAINED
AT
DAVIES'S, 5, SUSSEX PLACE, HYDE PARK, W.2
Telephone: **PADDINGTON 3352**

Educational

BEDGEBURY PARK, GOUDHURST, KENT
SANDECOTES SCHOOL, PARKSTONE, DORSET
UPLANDS SCHOOL, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

To meet existing conditions, the Governing Body have adopted inclusive fees in these Schools. For particulars, apply to the Secretary, Church Education Corporation, 34, Denison House, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

I AM preparing a study on Benjamin Franklin Bache (1769-1798) and am anxious to locate manuscript material relating to him. I should greatly appreciate hearing from anyone who knows of the whereabouts of such papers and should like, if possible, to make arrangements for securing photostatic copies of unpublished documents, or possibly purchase such as may be for sale. Bernard Fay, address care of Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, 34, Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or 18, Rue St. Guillaume, Paris, France.

Shipping

P. & O. & BRITISH INDIA

MAIL AND PASSENGER SERVICES
(Under Contract with H.M. Government)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from

LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc., MEDITERRANEAN,
EGYPT, SUDAN, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMA,
CEYLON STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS,
EAST AND SOUTH AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, NEW

ZEALAND, etc., etc.

P. & O. and B.I. Tickets interchangeable, also
Tickets of P. & O., Orient and New Zealand
Shipping Companies

Addresses for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House,
14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, or City Office,
P. & O. 130, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3; **FREIGHT**
(P. & O. or B.I.) **APPLY, 122, LEADENHALL STREET,**
LONDON, E.C.3; B.I. Agents: **GRAY, DAWES & Co.,**
122, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.

ACADEMY CINEMA

Oxford Street (opposite Warings) Ger. 2981.

3rd WEEK

EXCLUSIVE RUN LEONTINE SAGAN'S

"MADCHEN IN UNIFORM"

A Psychological Study of Adolescence
and EPSTEIN'S "MORVRAN."

QUEEN'S THEATRE

(Gerrard 4517)

Every Evening at 8.15

Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30

HEARTBREAK HOUSE

By BERNARD SHAW

EDITH EVANS. CEDRIC HARDWICKE. LEON QUARTERMAINE

1932 *Luxury—Economy*

AT THE NEW

ECCLESTON HOTEL

VICTORIA, S.W.1

Room with Hot and Cold Water. 'Phone and Bath from 8/-
Room with Private Bath from 10/6. Beautiful Ballroom available.
Proprietor: Sir JAMES ERSKINE, J.P.

Express Typewriting Office

166, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1

(Vic. 3102)

Specialises in all classes of Literary Typewriting.

Terms, from 1s. per 1,000 words, carbon copy

4d. per 1,000 words.

Duplicating and Translations

AN EFFECTIVE MARKET

The classified advertisement columns of the **SATURDAY REVIEW** offer an excellent medium for disposing of old Gold and Silver, works of art, rare books, stamps, and all articles of value.

Prepaid rate one shilling per line
(minimum, three lines).

Communications and postal orders to be sent to
Classified Advertisement Manager, **SATURDAY REVIEW**
Newspapers, Ltd., 544, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week :

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Film, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the most interesting of the week.—ED.]

THEATRES

GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

LYCEUM. *The Miracle*. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
Pseudo-religious pageantry—frequently magnificent as a stage-spectacle.

CRITERION. *Musical Chairs*. By Ronald Mackenzie. 8.40. Tues. and Sat., 2.30. Intelligent comedy in the manner of "The Cherry Orchard."

GLOBE. *Wings Over Europe*. By Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

QUEEN'S. *Heartbreak House*. By Bernard Shaw. 8.15. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE. *Doctor Pygmalion*. By Harrison Owen. 8.30. Wed. and Thurs., 2.30. Gladys Cooper, Ronald Squire, Edmond Breon, and other first-class fashionable actors in a very nearly first-class fashionable comedy.

ROYALTY. *While Parents Sleep*. By Anthony Kimmins. 8.40. Thurs. and Sat., 2.40. Uproarious comedy, not for the squeamish.

ST. JAMES'S. *The Merchant of Venice*. 8.15. Tues. and Fri., 2.30. Reviewed this week.

PALACE. *The Cat and the Fiddle*. By Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. That very rare thing, an intelligent musical comedy, excellently played.

ST. MARTIN'S. *Somebody Knows*. By John van Druten. 8.30. Tues. and Fri., 2.30. Review next week.

BROADCASTING

Wednesday, May 25, 8 p.m. There will be an Orchestral Concert conducted by T. H. Morrison. The programme will include the Overture, Cockaigne (Elgar); The Preludes (Liszt); and Fantasy Overture, Romeo and Juliet (Tchaikovsky).

Thursday, May 26, 8 p.m. The "Celebrity Concert" arranged by the *News-Chronicle* in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund will be relayed from the Albert Hall. Sir Edward Elgar will conduct the performance of his work, March, "Pomp and Circumstance" No. 1 in D. Other conductors at the concert will be Sir Henry Wood, Sir Landon Ronald and Adrian Boult.

Friday, May 27, 9.35 p.m. Adrian Boult will conduct the National Chorus and B.B.C. Orchestra in a performance of the Requiem Mass (d'Erlanger). The soloists will be Miriam Licette (soprano), Astra Desmond (contralto), Frank Titterton (tenor), and Keith Falkner (baritone).

Saturday, May 28, 7.30 p.m. The Foundations of Music for the coming week will consist of Mozart's Pianoforte Variations, played by Maurice Cole.

Special programmes from LONDON REGIONAL, MIDLAND REGIONAL and NORTH REGIONAL are as follows:—

Sunday, May 22, 9.5 p.m. Adrian Boult will conduct the Sunday Orchestral Concert—the last of the season. The Orchestra will play the Symphony No. 13 in D (Haydn), Symphony No. 40 in G minor (K.550) (Mozart), and Symphony No. 5 in C minor (Beethoven).

Wednesday, May 25, 8.25 p.m. The whole of "The Rhinegold" will be relayed from Covent Garden Opera House. Robert Heger will conduct, and the cast will include Maria Olczewska, Ina Souez, Gladys Palmer, Eduard Habich, Ludwig Hofmann, Fritz Wolff, and Heinrich Tessmer.

FILMS

MARK FORREST'S LIST

LONDON FILMS.

THE CARLTON. *Shanghai Express*. Marlene Dietrich, directed by Mr. Josef von Sternberg, continues in this good melodrama.

THE EMPIRE. *Tarzan*. Criticised in this issue.

THE NEW GALLERY. *The Faithful Heart*. Edna Best and Herbert Marshall in the screen adaptation of Mr. Hoffe's play.

THE CAPITOL. *The Frightened Lady*. Criticised in this issue.

MARBLE ARCH PAVILION. *Jungle Hell*. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson in the Pacific and East Africa. Good animal pictures, but the commentary is somewhat trying. *Simba*, another animal film with the same sponsors, is at the POLYTECHNIC.

THE TIVOLI. *The Lost Squadron*. Criticised in this issue.

THE ACADEMY. *Madchen in Uniform*. A brilliantly directed German picture.

THE RIALTO. *Il est Charmant*. French musical comedy. Quite good fun.

GENERAL RELEASES

Round the World in 80 Minutes. Douglas Fairbanks and his camera.

Taxi. James Cagney in a rough melodrama. Well directed.

Sidewalks of New York. Buster Keaton in a fair farce.